MEMORIES
OF MY SON
SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER

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MEMORIES

OF MY SON

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

Joyce Kilmer (Columbia, 1908) in Graduation Gown, with His Mother

MEMORIES

OF MY SON

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

BY

ANNIE KILBURN KILMER

WITH NUMEROUS UNPUBLISHED
POEMS AND LETTERS

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

BRENTANO'S

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TO THE MOTHERS WHO MOURN WITH A PROUD HEART
FOR THEIR SONS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR
HONOUR'S SAKE, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
DEDICATED BY THE MOTHER OF
SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

FOREWORD

I HAVE written these Memories with no other object than to solace a sorely wounded heart. That they may be of interest to those who knew and loved Joyce, I cannot doubt, and to those who did not know him intimately, save only through his Books, these personal details of his boyhood and his life before he became a famous writer, may be of value.

A portion of these Memories has been published in the "Queen's Work" of St. Louis, and I wish to thank the Editor for permission to re-publish the same.

Acknowledgment is also to be made to George H. Doran Company, for permission to use certain material supplied by me to them for use in their volumes—"Joyce Kilmer—Poems, Essays and Letters."

Although this is essentially a mother's book, I would not feel that full justice had been done if mention was not made of my husband, Joyce's father. It is with his assistance that this book has been gotten together, and through his aid it has been arranged that the entire proceeds from the sale of these Memories of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer will be used for the benefit of Joyce's children.

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MEMORIES

OF MY SON

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SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER

IN these memories of my son I must go far back. I feel that I must mention that he was a welcome child. For six months previous to his birth I prayed nightly that God would make my baby good, and his life showed me that my prayer was answered.

Of course, all loving mothers think their babies are perfect, and he, with his sweet disposition and great beauty, indeed seemed perfect to me. It was my dearest pleasure to arrange his wealth of golden hair into their natural curls, and I could see the intelligence and the promise of his later years in his dark brown eyes.

At the age of two weeks and six days he was christened in Christ (Episcopal) Church, of which his father, Fred B. Kilmer, Sc.D., and I were, and are, communicants. I gave him the name of Alfred Joyce, the latter being the name of the Rector of the Parish, the Rev. E. B. Joyce, for whom I have ever retained the greatest respect and affection. Joyce always accompanied me to the Sunday morning and the Lenten services and seemed to enjoy them. His baby name was "Angel," and it was always his name to me, even to the last letter I wrote to him—the eighty-third after he had sailed for France in October, 1917.

Some entries which I find in an old diary reveal his baby mind. Here is one written in 1889, when he was not three years old:

I say to him sometimes: "Do you love mamma?" He answers: "I *do* lofe you."

I then say: "How much?" He answers, "Ten Dollars."

Then I say: "*Why* do you love mamma?" And this is his answer, spoken with great deliberation: "I will *tell* you, pocause I lofe to lofe you."

Some of the other entries in the diary, written the same year and early the following year, follow:

February 19, 1889—"Whose 'ittle mug is this, mamma?" "It was your little sister Ellie's, darling."

"My 'ittle sister Ellie gone up to Heving?" "Yes, darling."

"When she got up to Heving, what she say to Desus, mamma?"

I did not answer, and he immediately said, in his high bird-like voice: "When sister Ellie went up to Heving she say, 'Desus, do you lofe me, Desus?'"

June 10, 1889—While smelling a rose he asked: "Cologne on this flower, mamma?"

"No, darling, that is the natural smell of the flower, God made it to smell sweet for you."

"God's pofumry on it, mamma?"

June 5th, 1889—A man by the name of Snyder was working in the yard. Joyce looked at him and said: "Mr. Snyder sat down beside her, ha! ha!" in evident parody of "Little Miss Muffit."

July 10th, 1889—Part of the ceiling fell down, disclosing laths and plaster. When Joyce saw it he pointed to it and said: "Mamma, is that Heving?"

I said, "No, darling, that's where the ceiling has fallen," upon which he rejoined, "I thought you said *seals* lived in the water!"

February 19*th*, 1889—He was naughty and I had to talk to him. After a while he came to me and said: "I so'y I so bad. I 'fraid God won't lofe me."

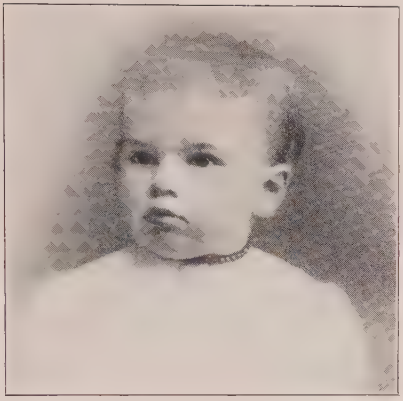
His first prayer, offered when he was two and a half years old, is "Oh God, bess papa and mamma and gaga (grandma) and bubu Addy (brother Andy) and dee 'ittle Joyce, for Desus sake, Amen."

While I was praying he said: "You pray to God? Now te' me 'bout God's son."

March 4th, 1890—"Mamma, what is it to marry?" "Oh, it's when two people live together like papa and I do."

Silence for a few moments, then: "If I should marry you, would I be your sister-in-law?"

A former colored servant came to see me for a donation for some affair. After she had received it she still lingered in the kitchen. Joyce was with me, as always, and pointing a tiny white forefinger at the woman he said: "Mamma, is that a formal call?" Even the woman saw the humor of that.



Joyce Kilmer, Two Years of Age

Joyce Kilmer, Aged Between Five and Six Months

He was prepared for college at the Rutgers Preparatory School in New Brunswick, N. J., the city of his birth, entering the school when he was eight years of age and being graduated from it in 1904. Here he won the Lane prize in public speaking, and was editor-in-chief of the *Argo*, the school paper. His college freshman and sophomore years were spent in Rutgers, where he won the first Sloan entrance examination prize; was associate editor of the *Targum* and was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

In his junior year he went to Columbia University, where he was vice-president of the Philolexian Society and an associate editor of *Spectator*, and where he won the Philolexian speaking contest and received honorable mention in the Spingarn Belles Lettres contest. In his senior year at Columbia, he was associate editor of the *Jester* and president of the Anthon Club (Latin), and qualified for the finals of the Curtis and the Philolexian medal contest. He was a member of King's Crown, Philolexian Society, Civic Club, Anthon Club, Churchmen's Association and the Debating Union.

During his junior and senior years at Columbia, I had an apartment near the University and was with him from Monday to Friday, when he would come home for the week-ends. All through his school and college days it was my custom to give him the "lucky tap" just before he was to take the examinations, or to try for a prize, as it always (so he thought) made him successful. Even in his later career, before he was to deliver a lecture, he would turn his shoulder to me and I would tap it and say "Good luck."

All this time he had been a regular communicant of the Church where he was christened. At eighteen he was a licensed lay reader, and it made me very happy to hear him read the Lessons from the old Oak Lectern, brought from England, in Christ Church on Sunday. It was his intention then to enter the ministry later.

He went to England with his father and me in 1899. While his father was attending to business matters, Joyce and I were happy in Derbyshire. Four years later Joyce and I went to England alone for the Summer. At that time I was arranging for a memorial window for Thomas Kilburn, my English ancestor, who was Church Warden in St. Mary's Church at Wood Ditton, New Market, Cambridgeshire, in 1635, and who came to this country in 1638. As my father was in direct descent from Thomas Kilburn, the window was of great interest to me.

In 1905, we went again to England. The Kilburn window in St. Mary's Church was dedicated on the thirtieth of June that happy Summer. Joyce presented the Window to the Wardens, as is the English custom. I was so proud when he walked up the aisle and said the few necessary sentences. It was before he sailed that year that Joyce told his father that it was his intention to study for the Episcopal Ministry, and he told me of his decision on my birthday—St. Dominic's Day. Of course it made me very happy, though I had never urged him to take up the ministry as a life work, as I realized that from every point of view it must be a Vocation. However, college days seemed to take the matter from his mind, and I heard no more about it—because I did not then, nor do I now, think sacred matters should be urged. Still, to my astonishment, he brought home to me in 1907, a Rosary of Garnets.

He was graduated from Columbia on May 23rd, 1908, and in June of the same year, he married Aline Murray, of Metuchen, N. J. From that time on, perhaps by reason of the exactions of his literary work, he seemed to lose all interest in his Church. After he had been married about five years he became a Catholic, his wife entering this Church at the same time.

Joyce's change of conviction never brought a cloud between us, and neither did his father ever utter a word of dis-

Joyce Kilmer, Five Years of Age

approval. As for me, I bless the day when he became a Catholic.

I was just as close to him through his brief married life as any mother could be. I was with him at many of his lectures; with him I attended the various literary clubs of which he was a member, including the receptions given by the Authors' Club, of which he was the youngest member; together we went to the Poetry Society dinners and to the meetings of the Dickens Fellowship, of which he was the president. When possible we were always together. His second book of Verse was dedicated to me in a most lovely sonnet, and many of his poems in "Main Street" and elsewhere were inscribed with the precious words which I am never to read again, "To my Mother."

It was his invariable custom to bring me flowers to wear for any evening affair we attended together, and I still have the dry withered red roses he brought me the August before he sailed for France. I had been in Massachusetts for a few weeks and had come to New York to attend a military wedding, where he was to be the best man. The roses, still red, are now among my treasures, together with a leaf from the wreath which Captain Nichols placed at the foot of the Catafalque in St. Patrick's Cathedral, when the wonderful Requiem Mass was given.

In all his life he never told me a falsehood. He seemed always to have a great dislike to all pretense and to everything that was not exactly what it seemed to be. He had a horror of all forms of cruelty. I have often thought how hard it must have been, with his fine supersensitive nature, to adapt himself to the dreadful game of war.

When he enlisted, two weeks after the United States declared War, he called me up on the telephone and told me. I just said, "Oh!" but like many another mother I did not grasp what it might mean; I only knew he had done the only thing that my son *could* do, at such a time. He was already

a member of the Columbia Officers' Training Corps, and he was also very busy on what was to be his sixth and last book—"Dreams and Images," an Anthology of Catholic Verse. As he was determined to be in the war he enlisted in the Seventh New York Regiment, and during part of the Summer of 1917, he was at the Regimental Armory, going back and forth to his desk on the New York *Times*, and to his home at Larchmont.

I saw him nearly every Thursday, as I had always done, and had luncheon with him. I would taxi to the annex of the *Times* building and would find him waiting on the pavement ready to tell the driver what cafe he had selected.

At his own request, he was transferred in August to the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," afterward the 165th, stationed at Camp Mills, Mineola. Every Sunday his father and I would motor out to see him. During that Summer his eldest daughter—Rose Kilburn, my God-daughter and namesake—died. She was a most beautiful child, but had been an almost life long sufferer from infantile paralysis. Just after that sad event his last child—Christopher—was born.

On a fateful October Sunday, I saw him for the last time, though I did not know he was sailing so soon, for he was not allowed to tell us. His wife was there that day also, and as he bid us good-bye I kissed him and said to his wife, "Aline, you may kiss him last." I felt it was her right, although only God knew how hard it was for me to do it! The next day I knew he had gone!

I lived through the months he was in France, as mothers did in that horrible time, writing him nearly every day and sending parcels, many of which missed him, owing to the congested state of the mails and other reasons.

When the news of his glorious death came I was quite alone in Litchfield, Conn., where I had gone for a few days' rest and change of air. I cannot write of that time. Two

Joyce Kilmer as a Student in Preparatory School

Joyce Kilmer in His Sophomore Year, Columbia, 1907

days afterward the blue star in the Service pin he had given to me changed to gold. In the words of Jean Ingelow:

"Oh! my heart, my heart was sad a-wishing and a-waiting,
For the lad took up his knapsack—he went, he went his way,
And I looked out of the window as a prisoner through the grating
Looks and longs, and longs and wishes for its opening day.

. . . . . .

He had climbed, had climbed the mountains—he would ne'er come down!"

It may be of interest to those who knew and loved my son to tell of the incidents that were the inspirations of some of his lovely poems.

We used often to spend our Summers in the Berkshires, and "Dave Lilly," the fisherman, was a real character we met there.

"The House with Nobody in It" calls up memories of one of our many walks. Coming across an old deserted house we investigated it from cellar to attic and found the latter filled with rubbish and old letters which the owners had not thought worth taking away. A little old flat japanned candle stick we took home with us, and it still rests on a desk in my "Old Fashioned Room," where many treasures are collected. When Joyce received his sergeant's commission he wrote that perhaps I might like to hang it in the "Old Fashioned Room." When it came I had it framed, and it hangs there now.

The last three verses of "Roofs" were inspired by the sight of some gypsies breaking camp, forced to move away on the complaint of some pharisaical person, while we were on one of our long walks. Joyce said, "It seems too bad the gypsies should always have to move around so," and we both agreed that "some day" we would buy a lot somewhere and put up a sign

GYPSIES INVITED
to pitch their tents here
By order of
The Owners.

The lot was duly bought, but somehow the sign was never put up. Perhaps we realized as we grew up (for my age was always the same as his) that the gypsies really preferred their Nomadic life.

But Oh! the wonderful walks we had together. Always we would start out on strange roads, for the beaten track had little attraction for us, and sometimes when we were not quite sure of our bearings and did not want to get hopelessly lost, we would lay a branch of a tree with a big spray of golden rod to point the homeward way. Once, I remember, we stopped at a charming farmhouse, where the ladies sitting under the trees beguiled us in and fed us with ripe red apples, after taking us all over the house to see the New England heirlooms with which it was filled.

On another walk we had strayed far from home. It was hot and dusty, and we very much wanted our dinner. We met an old man driving an empty farm wagon, and on the spur of the moment I said to him, "I wish you were going our way." The old man very deliberately stopped his horse and said, "Hey?" I repeated my remark a little louder, upon which he climbed down out of his wagon and putting his horny hand up to his ear, walked up to me saying, "You'll hev to speak a little louder marm, I'm ruther dull o' hearin'." I then yelled it and he replied, "So do I," and walked back to his wagon, climbed in and drove off. Joyce by this time was some distance ahead, but he came back, and with his shoulders shaking with laughter said, "Well, it serves you right for talking to people you don't know."

But I always did, and it seemed to usually come out all right when I didn't strike deaf ones. Sometimes it stood me in good stead. I remember in 1899, when Joyce was just a little fellow—not twelve—we were in Derbyshire, England. It was our custom, right after tea, to walk from our lodgings at Newton Grange, to Tissington, the nearest village, three miles off, to get our letters, which did not come by postman

as they do now. It would be quite light, in the long beautiful sunsets of England, even if we delayed our departure from quaint little Tissington till after eight o'clock. In taking this walk we were obliged to pass through dense woods on either side of the high-road for about a quarter of a mile. We rarely met anyone, but this time in the distance, approaching us, was a very dirty formidable looking tramp, with a heavy knotted stick in his hand. I was frightened, but I didn't let Joyce know it. I tucked my gold watch out of sight under my red Jersey and swinging my partridge cane, which I always carried, went on to meet the tramp. As he came up I looked him full in the eyes and said, "Good evening!" Like a flash, off came his tattered cap with the response, "Good evening, my lady!" And the incident was closed. Perhaps if he had known how frightened I was he might not have been so polite. I never told Joyce, but our landlady was quite perturbed over the incident.

In the Summer of 1914, I was in England, where I had spent from April to October every year since Joyce's marriage. He came over to accompany me home, and it was on the trip over that he wrote "In Mid Ocean," which was dedicated to me. Before sailing we were together for ten days in London, where we had a wonderful time. England was gay, and full of patriotic fervour. Joyce met many of his literary friends in London—Cecil Chesterton, I remember, was one, but there were many others whose names I do not recall.

We sailed for home on the Atlantic Transport Line, a sister boat to the one I had gone over on in April. One of our table companions was Miss Helen Gray Cone, whose chaunt of "Love for England" was published that Winter. She read it at the Dickens Dinner on the Seventh of February, 1915, where she was one of the speakers. Miss Cone wrote one of the most beautiful poetical tributes to Joyce's memory that I have seen, containing an allusion to "Main Street."

In 1915, I again visited England. That Summer the

Lusitania went down, and Joyce wrote "The White Ships and the Red," a splendid poem which has gone nearly around the world. One of the editors of the New York *Times*, with which Joyce was connected, in speaking of it at the Memorial Service given by the Dickens Fellowship, said that it was an assignment, and that Joyce had received Eighty Dollars for it. But money had little to do with the spirit which inspired it.

In letters from the Front, he mentioned one of his short poems called "Pennies." That poem was inspired by a baby trait, transmitted to his eldest son, that of throwing a coin down on the floor, and then hunting till he found it, to his great joy.

And now he is gone, and I have only memories to live on! But such memories! Never was a mother better loved than I, and never a mother who was a better comrade. I speak in all humility, but I know that our congenial tastes made us entirely happy when together. I have every letter, save one, he ever wrote to me, and my sleeping room is full of his pictures from six months to thirty years.

I have been privileged to attend some of the memorial services given in his honor. The Memorial Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral will always remain with me as a beatific vision. It seemed as though the great Catholic Church opened Her arms wide and said: "All this pomp and splendour I gladly give to dear Joyce Kilmer, who found his greatest comfort in his brief life with Me."

The Poetry Society, the Dickens Fellowship and Columbia University all have held memorial meetings in his honour, but the Requiem Mass came first, and will always be the first in my recollections.

The other day I attended the first reception of the season, given by the Authors' Club, where he had been the youngest member. And as I sat at my table pouring tea I fronted the service flag of the club with its one gold star—my son!

Several memorials have been made to him; one a furnished

private room in St. Peter's (Catholic) Hospital, in New Brunswick, N. J. A plate on the door of the room bears this inscription:

Pro Deo et Patria
In Memoriam
Sergeant Joyce Kilmer
Killed in Action
30th July, 1918
in France
Given by his Mother.

Two beds (in perpetuo) have been given to the Crippled Children's Home in New York City. One of the beds was designated for him, the other for his child, Rose Kilburn Kilmer, who was a victim of infantile paralysis.

A painted photograph of Joyce in uniform—taken just before he sailed by Aimé Dupont—together with one of his poems in manuscript have been placed in the Authors' Club, while a large framed photograph has been given to the Dickens Fellowship, and to the Delta Upsilon Fraternity of Columbia University.

One of Joyce's poems "Trees" has been more quoted than almost any other.

The Bird and Tree Club of New York City has a card with the coloured figure of a little French girl standing under a quince tree. On a grey stone are the words of "Trees," with "Joyce Kilmer, 30th July," and above it the words, "I am planting a tree in France for you," with a space for a donor's name. The proceeds of the sale of these cards go to plant fruit trees in devastated France, and many thousands of dollars have been raised for that purpose.

I have set "Trees" to music. It may be of interest to say that I have also composed the music to a number of Joyce's shorter poems—"Lullaby to a Baby Fairy," "Song of Terre d'Amour," "Gifts of Shee," "The Valentine" (which he wrote for me the Summer of 1914), and the "Yellow Gown,"

all published in London. The words of the last we wrote together, as I had composed the tune originally for "Stars," a poem in one of his books of Verse, but he thought it too lively, so "The Yellow Gown" was evolved. It has been sung in public a good deal, and has met with some success.

I hope no one reading these imperfect recollections will think that I mention these songs for my own aggrandizement—which is farthest from my thoughts. I simply refer to them to show how close was the bond between us, and how I cannot be sad or despondent all the time when I have such a store of rich memories to fill my lonely aching heart.

At one of the many memorial meetings given in his honour a clever Scotch actor—a Mr. Herron—recited a poem describing a Pacifist and a Mother who had lost her son in the war. I cannot recall the exact words, but in the last stanza the Pacifist says: "But he did not come back!" And the Mother says: "No, but Thank God he went!"

My son was awarded the posthumous honour of the Citation of Valour and the Croix de Guerre by the French Republic, both of which have been sent to his widow. But with the warm generosity which one might expect from that most chivalrous Country, and as an especial favour, a second Croix de Guerre has been sent to me, through my friend Major (Count) de Maléche of the French Embassy. I am most proud to wear it with my French flag and my service pin, whose blue star miraculously turned to gold two days after I received the news of my son's glorious death.

I do not claim to be like the Spartan mother, who told her sons when going to battle to return to her bearing their shields or upon them, but I *do* claim to be the very proudest mother in all the world because Sergeant Joyce Kilmer was and *is* my son.

MEMORIES IN VERSE

The following are given, not for their worth as Poems, but rather to show the throbbing of a mother's heart. The Verses entitled "The War Mother" was very favorably commented upon by Joyce in his letter of May 15, 1918 (printed elsewhere in this volume).

THE WAR MOTHER

Written in April 1918

The days are heavy, and the nights are long:
My boy, now grown to be a man, is gone!
I dream of him, a little lad once more—
And dreaming, wait for him beside the door.
I see him coming, clasp him in my arms;
Then wake—to feel the woe of War's alarms.

Before his lips could utter words to me,
His eyes, so full of baby mystery,
Would look into my own, intent and sweet,
And I would hold him close, his love to greet.

On that last day before he sailed for France,
The same look in his eyes was like a Lance
Through my poor mother-heart, For well I knew
Not au revoir was meant, but sad adieu.

Dear Mother Mary, look with pity down
On these Thy daughters sad, who wear the crown
Of Martyrdom for pangs they will not own;
And force their lips to smile that hide a moan.

THE SERVICE FLAG

My Service Flag, with bright red rim and tiny star of blue,
Was given me by my dearest one, before he said adieu.
And as each day I pinned it o'er my yearning Mother's heart,
I prayed that he might never know, how hard it was to part.

And every day I wrote to him, gay letters full of cheer,
Telling him how I'd learned to knit, and that he must not fear—
That I was sad and lonely, for I sang his songs each day,
And lived the life I used to live, though he was far away.

The dreary Winter days came on, and still my heart was strong—
And though I missed him, Oh! so much! and could not help but long
To see his dear brown eyes again, and hear him speak to me,
I knew in God's own time, at last, we would united be.

When Summer came, and all the land was full of warmth and bloom,
The dreadful news was given me, Alas! that day of doom!
"Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, Killed in Action." Could the news be true?
"Yes," my mother heart made answer, "hope and joy are dead to you."

But my Service flag I'll wear while my weary life shall last—
On a bow of sable ribbon then I pinned it sure and fast,
When my sad eyes looking downward, on the flag so dear to me,
I beheld a star of gold where the blue one used to be.

So I wear my Service flag, with red rim and golden Star,
And I think perhaps my Darling was allowed to place it there;
God is good, and knows how sorely Mothers' hearts must always ache,
And my Service flag still comforts, though my sad heart will not break.

TO MY BOY WHO LIES IN FRANCE

Are you lonely, Dear, beneath the shining Lilies?
Do you miss the tramp of marching feet all day?
When the 69th had left you for the Home-land,
With their bright young faces resolute and gay—

Did you think "My mother, longing for my presence,
Cannot bear to see my Comrades marching by—
Through the streets where she and I had often lingered,
In Manhattan, underneath its bright blue sky.

"Ah! My mother's heart was always beating for me,
And she never cared for aught when I was near—
Now the stormy, stern Atlantic rolls between us—
But her soul is with the Poppies over here."

Oh! My darling, rest in quiet 'neath the Lilies,
God is good, and gives me courage for your sake!
For the mother of a Hero should not falter,
And the bitter cup He gives me, I will take.

BIRTHDAY, AND OTHER POEMS

For a number of years my son always wrote me a poem for my birthday. In 1915 I teased him about the one written for that year, saying it sounded as if he had written it on his cuff in the train on his way to his office in the New York *Times*, so he wrote me another one for that year. The last one, written while he was at the 7th Regiment Armory, I was unfortunate enough to lose.

The poem "To my Mother," was a dedicatory one in his second book of verse—"Trees" and "Other Poems." "Folly" (for A. K. K.) in the same book, was written for me while I was in England, and shows the tender playfulness with which he always regarded me.

The Summer of 1914 I was, as usual, in England, and though I was in no difficulties or fear of my return voyage, being in the English countryside, I was, of course, delighted that Mr. Kilmer proposed Joyce should come over for me. On the voyage over he wrote the poem "Mid-Ocean in War Time," "For my Mother." This poem and "The New School" —"For my Mother," were both published in his third book of verse "Main Street and Other Poems."

TO A. K. K.

August the fourth
Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

Now the English larks are singing,
And the English meadows flinging
Scarlet flags of blazing poppies to the fragrant summer air,
And from every tower and steeple
All the wondering English people
Hear a chime of fairy music, though no bell-ringers are there.

What has caused this jubilation?
Days ago the coronation
Went with jewelled pomp and splendour to the country of the past.
Is the land some Saint's day hailing?
Or has some tall ship gone sailing
Through the hostile fleet to triumph, with the Union at her mast?

Nay, it is no war-like glory,
Nor pale saint, of ancient story,
That has made the island blossom into beauty rare and new.
We in this sea-severed nation,
Share with England our elation,
As we keep this feast, your birthday, and are glad with love for you!

"WHITE HORSE" OF KILBURN

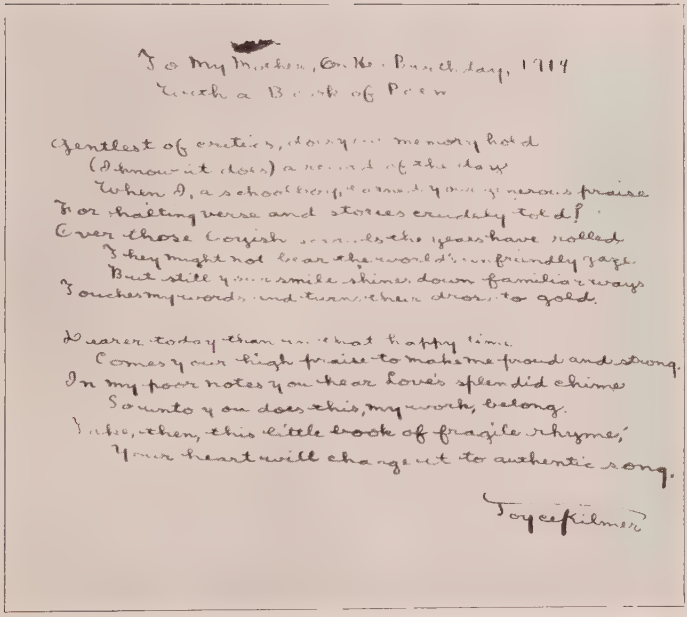
To A. K. K. on her Birthday, 1912

Last night the beat of hoofs was heard upon the shaded street,
It broke the silent brooding of the peaceful country-side;
I looked and saw a horse that stamped its terrible white feet,
A giant horse, as white as flame, long maned and starry eyed.

"Who is this monstrous visitant?" said I, "Bucephalus?
Or Rosinante, looking for another crazy knight?
Or (not to be conceited) may it not be Pegasus?
This mighty horse, this glowing horse, so beautiful and white."

He proudly tossed his noble head, and neighed "Across the foam
My stable lies, with clouds for roof, and mountainous green walls;
I come to take your message unto Her, who near my home
Will hold her birthday feast before another evening falls."

"Go back, O Horse," I said, "and seek your pleasant dwelling-place,
And here's a gift for you to take, I trust it to your care;
Support this heavy load of love until you see her face,
Then humbly kneel before her feet and lay my homage there."



To My Mother, On Her Birthday, 1914
With a Book of Poems

Gentlest of critics, dowered with memory's hoard
(I know it does) a record of this day
When I, a schoolboy, craved your generous praise
For halting verse and stories crudely told?
Even those boyish scrawls these years have rolled
They might not bear the world's unfriendly gaze.
But still your smile shines down familiar ways
To touch my words and turn them drop to gold.

Dearer today than ever that happy time
Comes your fair light fraile to make me proud and strong.
In my poor notes you the air love's splendid chime
So unto you does this, my work, belong.
Take, then, this little book of fragile rhymes,
Your heart will change it to authentic song.

Joyce Kilmer

Original Copy of Birthday Poem, 1914

FOR A BIRTHDAY

To A. K. K., 1913

England, England, put your veil of mist away!
  Dress in green with poppies in your hair.
England, England, let your birds sing holiday.
  Let your lanes be jubilant and fair.
She is made of singing, therefore hail her with a song,
  Strew her path with loveliness and crown her with delight.
Golden hours of joy and beauty—these to her belong,
  Everything that lives today must own her gentle might.
England, England, now the jocund feast is here
  Now is time for frolicing and mirth.
England, England, now another turning year,
  Brings the day that celebrates her birth!

To My Mother on Her Birthday, 1914

With a Book of Poems

Gentlest of critics, does your memory hold
  (I know it does) a record of the days
  When I, a schoolboy, earned your generous praise
For halting verse and stories crudely told?
Over those boyish scrawls the years have rolled,
  They might not bear the world's unfriendly gaze,
  But still your smile shines down familiar ways,
Touches my words and turns their dross to gold.

Dearer to-day than in that happy time,
  Comes your high praise to make me proud and strong.
In my poor notes you hear Love's splendid chime
  So unto you does this, my work belong.
Take, then, this little book of fragile rhyme;
  Your heart will change it to authentic song.

To An Adventurous Infant
On Her Birthday, August 1915

"England," she said, "is surely England yet;
  Therefore it is the place where I should be.
  In spite of war, I know that tea is tea,
A vinaigrette is still a vinaigrette."

"Why should I worry over Wilhelm's threat?"
  And thereupon she said goodbye to me,
  And gaily sailed across the dangerous sea,
To where, among the Zeppelins, tea was set.

What if the sea foam mountainously high
  With waves that had in Hell their fiery birth?
What if black peril hover in the sky,
  And bursting shell wound deep the trembling earth?
All evil things must harmlessly pass by
  He who doth bear the talisman of Mirth.

To My Mother, October, 1915*

There fell a flood of devastating flame
  On half the world, and all its joy was dead.
  The sky was black, the troubled sea was red,
And from all mouths a lamentation came.
But you, in calm and hurricane the same,
  Went with gay lips, brave heart and unbowed head.
What was the charm, from which all danger fled?
What did you say, what cabalistic name?

It was my love that sent its quickening breath
  On all the waves that bore your ship along.
My love held out, against the flying death,
  That clove the sea, a shield than steel more strong,
Bringing you back, where no war harrieth,
  Stars in your eyes, and in your heart a song.

*Note this poem was written as a second birthday poem for 1915, because I had criticized the first birthday poem.

To A. K. K.

August Fourth, Nineteen Sixteen

The Berkshire Hills are gay
With a gladder tint to-day,
  And Mount Graylock rears his mighty head in pride.
For the lady that they knew
Long ago, to them is true,
  And has come within their shadow to reside.

And across the troubled sea,
Yorkshire hill and Cambridge lea,
  Send their love to you by every wind that blows.
And a greater love than these
Hurries northward on the breeze
  From the little hills they call the Ramapos.

VALENTINES

It was my son's custom always to remember St. Valentine's Day by either a picture of a heart drawn and colored by his childish fingers, or some little verse. These I still treasure! In later years he sent me many beautiful Valentine poems, one of which I set to music and had published in London.

The last Valentine I was never to receive, though he sent me a cable in February, 1918, saying, "Your Valentine will be late, but you'll get it!" Later he wrote he was sending it the next day, but it never reached me. So many letters were lost in that most trying time!

VALENTINE

(date unknown)

Red is the rose
    you love the best.
Red are the rubies
    in which you're drest.
Red is the richest
    mellowest wine
And red is my heart—
    your Valentine.

TO YOU, 1908

Devotion, never ending
And courage, ever mending
These two, together blending
Belong always to you.
I give you my devotion
In calm or in commotion,
As deep as is the ocean
And as the stars are, true.

1912

She has dainty silken gowns,
Purples, scarlets, blues and browns
She has flashing jeweled circlets to adorn her pretty hair.
She has ribbons, scarves and rings,
Vinaigrette and other things,
And to find a new gift for her drives a person to despair.

On Saint Valentine his day
I have made my eager way,
Through the rich and splendid counters of Dan Cupid's famous mart,
There was no gift I could buy
So I guess I'll have to try
To content her with a simple thing—it's nothing but my heart.

VALENTINE—1913

I will send my heart to England, and will make it learn to act
Like a vacant minded vicar, or a curate full of tea.
I will make my heart talk Cambridgese, or Yorkshirish, in fact,
I will make it be as British as a human heart can be.
I will dress my heart in roses, roses red and ever gay,
I will steep my heart in scarletest of wine.
I will teach my heart to bow, and smile, and sing, and dance and play—
Just to make you take it for a Valentine!

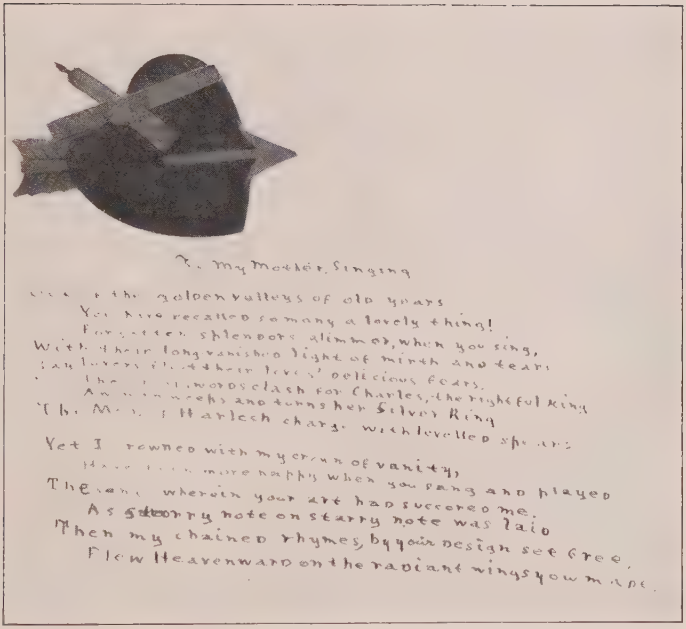
VALENTINE TO MY MOTHER, 1914

The English meadows call her, and the streets of London Town,
And the pleasant little villages under the Yorkshire hills.
She can see the roads, like ribbons white, that stretch across the down,
And the great slow turning sails of sleepy mills.
She longs for stately mansions, in whose eaves the pigeons coo,
And she longs for yellow corn-fields, where the scarlet poppies shine,
She loves the folk of England, and, of course, they love her too
But she lingers in America to be my Valentine.

(Set to music by A. K. K. and published in London)

VALENTINE, 1915
TO MY MOTHER SINGING

Out of the golden valleys of old years,
You have recalled so many a lovely thing.
Forgotten splendours glimmer when you sing,
With their long vanished light of mirth and tears.
Gay lovers flout their love's delicious fears.
The proud swords clash for Charles, the rightful King,
A woman weeps, and turns her "Silver Ring."
The "Men of Harlech" charge with level spears.
Yet I, crowned with my crown of vanity,
Have been more happy when you sang and played
The songs wherein your art had succoured me.
As starry note on starry note was laid,
Then my chained rhymes, by your designs set free,
Flew heavenward on the radiant wings you made.


To My Mother Singing
the golden valleys of old years
Yet have recalled so many a lovely thing!
Forgotten splendors glimmer, when you sing,
With their long vanished light of mirth and tears:
Lay lovers fl[illegible] their love's delicious fears,
The [illegible] swords clash for Charles, the rightful King
And [illegible] weeks and turns her Silver Ring
The Maid of Harlech charges with levelled spears:
Yet I crowned with my crown of vanity,
[illegible] more happy when you sang and played
The years wherein your art had succored me.
As starry note on starry note was laid
Then my chained rhymes, by your design set free,
Flew Heavenward on the radiant wings you made.

VALENTINE—JOYCE KILMER TO HIS MOTHER. DECORATED WITH A RED HEART AND AN ARROW

VALENTINE FOR MY MOTHER, 1917

If some day as you idly turn the pages,
  Whereon my verses are,
You find a flower where angry winter rages,
  On the black earth a star;
If in dead words you come on something living,
  Some fair and vibrant line—
It is the message that my heart is giving,
  It is your Valentine.

SONGS

LULLABY TO A BABY FAIRY

Poem by Joyce Kilmer—Set to Music by Annie Kilburn-Kilmer

Night is over: in the clover globes of crystal shine.
Birds are calling; sunlight falling on the wet green vine.
Little wings must folded lie; little lips be still
While the sun is in the sky over Fairy Hill.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
  Baby with buttercup hair;
    Golden rays, golden rays
Into the violet creep.
Dream, dream deep,
  Dream of the night-revels fair;
    Daylight stays; daylight stays.
Sleep, little fairy-child, sleep.

Rest in daytime, night is playtime, all good fairies know.
Under sighing grasses lying off to slumber go.
Night will come with stars agleam, lilies in her hand,
Calling you from hills of dream back to Fairyland.
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
  Baby with buttercup hair;
    Golden rays, golden rays
Into the violet creep.
Dream, dream deep,
  Dream of the night-revels fair;
    Daylight stays; daylight stays.
  Sleep, little fairy-child, sleep.

GIFTS OF SHEE

Poem by Joyce Kilmer—Set to Music by Annie Kilburn-Kilmer

O Shee, who weave the moonlight into shimmering white strands,
O powerful and tender-hearted Shee!
While I live at home in plenty or am poor in far-off lands,
I will thank you for the gifts you gave to me.

For the silver collar that you wrought me by your magic art,
For the scarlet Seal that on my mouth you set,
For the glorious White Flower that you placed upon my heart,
When the sun and moon shall die I'll thank you yet.

For around my throat the Silver Collar of soft arms I wear,
On my mouth sweet lips have fixed the Scarlet Seal,
On my heart the perfect Flower white of deathless love I bear,
And these charms, your gifts, ensure my lasting weal.

O Shee, who weave the moonlight into shimmering white strands,
O powerful and tender-hearted Shee!
Though I live at home in plenty or am poor in far-off lands,
I will thank you for the gifts you gave to me.

THE SONG OF TERRE D'AMOUR

Poem by Joyce Kilmer—Music by Annie Kilburn-Kilmer

Avalon's a pleasant place, full of leaves and singing;
Birds are there and all the air is sweet with flowers' breath,
Guenevere with love-lit face, knights with harness ringing,
These at last to joy have passed beyond the Gates of Death.
But there is a fairer land, greener fields there are,
Whiter lilies seek my hand beneath a kinder star.
Avalon may pass away 'neath the ebbing tide,
While through Terre d'Amour I stray, by my lady's side.

On Olympus gods recline, Jove who rules the thunder,
Pallas wise, and she whose eyes like lakes of sapphire seem,
Hearty Bacchus crowned with vine, lords of light and wonder–
Ladies gay, these night and day live out a golden dream,
They are happy folk indeed, splendid mirth they share,
None the less I have no need to dwell among them there.
Jewelled hall and silver street weary seem and poor,
While we walk on joyous feet lanes of Terre d'Amour.

Through the swiftly circling years, ignorant of sorrow,
Gay we tread while overhead the sky with love is bright.
What have we to do with fear, who on ev'ry morrow—
Hand in hand in love's own land shall wander in delight?
Terre d'Amour about us lies, ever young and green,
Violets and daisies rise to greet you as the queen.
Only yesternight a rose breathed this news to me,
"Ev'ry where my lady goes Terre d'Amour shall be."

THE YELLOW GOWN

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief;
Love it is a happiness, love it is a grief,
Jeffrey is a grocer, with a pony and a cart,
Michael is a beggar man, and took away my heart!

I've a yellow satin frock made in London town,
Silken buttons fasten it, I count them up and down,
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief—so the rhyming ran,
Three more buttons to the end, and that is Beggar man!

Shall I break my mother's heart? Shall I break my own?
Every day I sit and think, and thus I make my moan,
Jeffrey's cart may lose a wheel, his pony break a leg,
But with Michael by my side, I'd gladly, gladly beg!

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Love it is a happiness, it never is a grief.
Jeffrey with his pony and his cart may drive away,
But with Michael's dear blue eyes, I'm happy all the day!

The tune for "Yellow Gown" was composed for "Stars"—published in "Trees" and "Other Poems," but Joyce not thinking it suitable, the poem "The Yellow Gown" was written, Joyce writing the first two, and his mother the concluding stanzas. It was published in London.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

(Delta Upsilon Song)

Words by Alfred Joyce Kilmer, Columbia, '08
(Old English Air)

Come, brothers all, your glasses fill,
And drink this health with right good-will;
For here's a toast both brave and true,
Our own beloved Delta U!

Chorus

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men,
Let him lie.

Now, here's to all throughout the land,
Who in our ranks fraternal stand;
Whose aims are high, whose hearts beat true,
Beneath the royal Gold and Blue!

And here's a health to ladies fair,
Who faithfully our colours wear;
May every blessing wait upon
The girls of Delta Upsilon!

Now, brothers, here is one toast more,
The Delta U's of "Thirty-four,"
Who firm in truth and equity
Established our Fraternity.

RUTGERS PREP SCHOOL

(Air—Old Folks at Home)

Down where the Raritan is flowing,
Out to the sea,
There's where my heart's devotion's owing,
There is the school for me.
Famed are her walls in song and story,
Honoured her name,
Her sons unite to sound her glory,
And to uphold her fame.

Chorus

Rutgers Prep School, Hall of Learning,
Other schools above,
My heart for thee is ever yearning,
True to the school I love.

Scarlet and White is waving o'er me,
Floating on high,
Long has that banner gone before me,
Gleaming against the sky.
Proudly its silken folds I cherish
Sacredly pure,
Ne'er shall it's scarlet splendour perish,
Always its white endure.—Chorus.

Joyce Kilmer, '04

FOOTBALL SONG

[By Joyce Kilmer

(Air—Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Come all ye Rutgers Prep School men and sing our football song,
And swell the mighty chorus that will help the team along,
Our hearts are true to Rutgers Prep, our voices they are strong,
For we must win the game.

Chorus

Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep School,
Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep School,
Whoop'er up for Rutgers Prep School,
For we must win the game.

The Prep School fellows take the ball and rush it down the field,
The line before them breaks and runs, they know that they must yield,
And soon we'll score a touchdown and to all 'twill be revealed
That we must win the game.

Now let us join together in the good old Prep School cheer,
And give it with a hearty will and shout it loud and clear.
Let's make those fellows in the field aware that we are here,
For we must win the game.

Childish Valentine to His Mother, Drawn and Coloured by Hand

RUTGERS COLLEGE

PREPARATORY · SCHOOL.

Report of Joyce Kilmer

YEAR 1st 2 - 3d 4th

TARDY

ABSENT

DEPORTMENT	100	100	93	93		96
Arithmetic	85	95	88	95	85	90
Geography	91	77	85	76	70	79
Spelling	93	96	99	93	89	94
Grammar	94	97	99	96	99	97
Penmanship	87	88	-		88	88
Writing	91	91	92	93		92
Drawing		92	92	80		88

Report of Standing in Preparatory School

LETTERS

A word of explanation may be of interest as to the heading of these letters, which I have not cared to change. Even before my son outgrew me in stature, it was his custom to treat me with a playful condescension, as though I were his junior. He always addressed me as "Infant," and every letter began, "Dear Brat," using the word in the old English sense of "Child."

> "Oh Israel! Oh! household of the Lord!
> Oh Abraham's *brats*, Oh brood of blessed seed!"
> —Gascoigne.

> And Aldrich says in one of his poems—
> "The brat that tugged at his mother's gown."

He had a habit of neglecting to put a date on his letters, hence many that have appeared are without date.

1906

Mrs. Kilburn-Kilmer—I will be delighted to have you attend service at 5 in the church today.

Do the responses loudly, and wait for me after church. Hooray!

I remain, Yours Scornfully,
Alf. J. Kilburn-Kilmer.

Official representative of the Kilburn familee.

(The foregoing was an invitation to hear him read the service in Christ Church when he was lay reader.—A.K.K.)

1906

Admirable Brat—The coupé for this evening has been ordered, and will come at twenty minutes before eight. Six large juicy white pinks for you, six pink ones for the small Murray child, and some cheap and ridiculous flowers for Sflager have been ordered and will arrive opportunely. Wortman and his female will be here delightedly at half past five, so will I and the despised Constance.

Behold your Glee Club tickets! Murph asked after your health tearfully. I lunched today at Viereck's luxuriously with Raymond Ashley, Delta U. Rutgers '03, now an instructor at Yale. He wants to meet you. Hooray!

Stover will leave the blue and gold ribbon here this afternoon.

Wash your face, pull up your socks, and put a minute red rose in your hair. You will look cute! You must dance tonight! Hooray!

I now go to help Mrs. Payson and Gies fix up the Delta U. House for the dance, and to go thence to Metuchen.

Joyce Kilmer.

1907

Dear Brat—I am not soused, but writing on my knee in the train, which renders my chirography slightly irregular.

Please bring my two Physics note books. They are in the top drawer of the reception room desk. I *must* have them.

I will appear for luncheon Tuesday at 12.15.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

Lake View House, Gale, N. Y., June 10, 1908

DEAR BRAT—We stayed over at the Manhattan last night, and took the 8:30 from the Grand Central this morning—the Empire State Express. We arrived here at about 8. It is a nice place, the table is fine, and our bungalow is very nice.

In the excitement of our escape, neither Aline nor I bade goodbye to my father or Mr. Alden. Please explain it to my father. And please send me my fairy story—which is in pencil on paper in the dining room bookcase, also my tooth brush, and a package of typewriting paper I left in Schussler's, and some note paper.

How did the Socialist meeting come off?

Be a good child, and write nice letters. You certainly looked cute last night. Aline sends love to you and my father.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

(This letter was written the day after his marriage. This and the other letters from Gale were written while on his wedding trip.—A.K.K.)

Lake View House, Gale, N. Y., June 11, 1908

DEAR BRAT—I have not heard from you yet, but I nevertheless write. My trunk has not come yet, so I have no addressed envelopes.

We saw a deer last night, tonight a doe and a fawn. This is a delightful place—altitude about 2500, forests all around the house, a nice lake. We have a row boat for our own private use. The bungalow is very nice—one good-sized room, with a wood stove and a broad piazza with chairs and a hammock and a desk. The food is excellent—think of brook trout and wheat cakes for breakfast!

Well, be a good child, and write soon.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Lake View House, Gale, N. Y., June 12, 1908

DEAR BRAT—My trunk came today, so I have stamped envelopes to write to you. I have not heard from you yet. Vile infant, I thought you were going to write daily!

Mrs. Corbin has sent me a hammock—which reminds me! For Heaven's sake, send me my typewriter! I meant to send out swarms of manuscript this summer, but I cannot do so without my typewriter. If with it you will put my tooth brush and writing paper and a few of my flannel shirts, and send them to me express collect, I will be much obliged.

I hope you and my father are well. I will write to him tomorrow.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Lake View House, Gale, N. Y., 1908

DEAR BRAT—I have received one letter from you and have written daily. Today came a rather irate letter from my father.

However, it is a fine day. But I wish I had secured my bathing suit before I left. Still, I manage to swim occasionally, wearing Mr. Gale's overalls.

Letters only take about a day to get here, but they take the Deuce of a while to leave. One mail a day at 5:30 P. M. goes to the station at Childwold from the post office here, which is a little store kept by Mr. Gale for the convenience of the guides, hunters and fishermen. Then the mail goes out from Childwold sometime next day.

Well, don't forget to send my typewriter. Remember me to Ida. With love for you and my father, I remain,

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, 1908

DEAR BRAT—I was glad to get your letter about the reception at Mrs. Payson's—it was an amiable letter from an amiable infant. Also I was glad to receive the *Home News* and *Times*—the wedding certainly had a large write-up.

Deer are numerous here; when we were out on the lake last night we saw four. Also we have brook trout every day.

It's rather hot, and I think there will be a storm. It's always cool evenings here.

By the way, will you please send me a bathing suit? I forgot to get one—36 in. chest. Just trunks and a shirt will do. Send me the bill and I'll pay you by next mail. These mosquitoes bite vilely before a storm.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, N. Y., 1908

DEAR BRAT—I hope you have a large time on board the *Mesaba*. Wear a good deal of red, and raise Heck with all the crew from the skipper to the stokers. Cut out any other skirt that dares to flare alongside. Wash your face daily and you will overcome all rivals.

As I write there is as much moisture about me as there will be about you when you read. It is raining—the mountain we live on is cloud-covered and the forest is dripping and the lake is as usual considerably moist! Well, enjoy yourself, Brat!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, N. Y.

DEAR BRAT—By the time you get this you will be at the coast of England. I hope they have sense enough to send this letter down to the boat. Aline wishes a rubber stemmed dark briar pipe brought her from England. She wishes the wood to be thick and flawless, the stem to be of hard rubber, curved. She is too shy to ask for it herself, so I do so.

If in the course of your wanderings you happen to see Mr. Bailey, you might tell him about the poem I wrote for him, and tell him I'll send him a copy sometime.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, N. Y., 1908

DEAR BRAT—I don't know what part of England you will be in when you get this letter. Cleveland is dead. Taft and Sherman are nominated for President and Vice-President on the Republican ticket, and Aline's bathing suit has come.

I ordered your present today. It is to come from London, and is something I selected long ago, but could not then buy. I think you will like it; you will get it on your birthday. It is very Red! and otherwise also amiable.

I hear from my father occasionally. He appears to be existing excellently. Constance is at Lake George. The bathing suit you sent me is fine. We go bathing a good deal, as the water is warm and the bank gently sloping, so that you go several rods before the water reaches your shoulders.

Well, I must catch this mail, so I can't write any more now. Be a good infant.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, N. Y., 1908

Dear Brat—I have not yet heard from you, but I have sent several letters which I hope you received when you landed. As to your present—but I suppose you will get this letter before your birthday. The large present is the one I wanted to give you, but my father insisted on having it come from him too, and paying for part of it. I hope you like it; in fact, I know you will.

Do you think I will look amiable with a beard? I am horribly sunburned, and my razor was dull, and Aline, to escape being beaten with an axe whenever I shaved and hurt myself, at length regretfully said I could stop shaving until we went to Morristown. So I have stopped shaving. I am a dull brick-red in color, and since I have ceased shaving, patches of dark green hair have appeared at intervals on my chin. It is a pleasant sight. However, I have gained in weight and am in fact becoming very fat.

I received a letter from Morristown today about my work, telling me the names of the books I was to use, and so forth.

Remember me to all my friends you see. I will send you, before long, a copy of "Rose Grey" to send Mr. Bailey, or to give him, if you see him.

I am at work on a play now—a sort of a morality, like Every Man, but laid in modern times—modelled on Maeterlinck and Fiona Macleod.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

Lake View House, Gale, N. Y., July 10, 1908

DEAR BRAT—Being the son of my father, I forgot to put the Delta U. employment agency pamphlet in the last letter, in which I said it was enclosed. However, I enclose it now, and a newspaper clipping about our little Howard. By the way, did he graduate this June? Your letters were suspiciously silent about his graduation.

Here is a translation of a Latin love song which I have made. I hope you appreciate it.

If you were a buttered chameleon
And I were a spoonful of tea,
And I should attract your attention
And you sate your hunger on me,

And I should give you indigestion
And you die all over the floor,
Should I go to Heaven, I wonder,
Or merely exist no more?

Since last writing to you, I have received a letter from a fellow named Compton I knew at the University. His aunt (whom I met at the class day dance) is interested (as a stockholder) in a private school for boys in Plainfield, and secured for me the position of English master at $700 per annum. Of course, I wouldn't take it—pay too small, and no prestige—but it's nice to have these offers.

Well, I must catch this mail. Your amiable letters from the boat came today. Wear red and wash your face daily and you'll be all right.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

JOYCE KILMER IN THE CHARACTER OF *Sidney Carton*, WITH HIS MOTHER AS *Madame Lefarge* (DICKENS' "TALE OF TWO CITIES"), AT FANCY DRESS RECEPTION HELD BY DICKENS FELLOWSHIP, 1907

Gale, N. Y., 1908

DEAR BRAT—I have had only one letter from you since you left America—the one written when you were about to land. However, my father sent us a swarm of amiable young letters you had sent him, and I enjoyed them very much. You evidently had a large time aboard the ship. The letters describing the journey to High Kilburn—the messenger boy and Salvation Army girl episode—reminded me of Sterne—pretty good! But then you have acquired a certain knack of description from my instructions.

Aline is making raspberry jam. Pray for it, for it is in tribulation. It is being made on a wood fire, which occasionally blazes up, and occasionally goes out. We picked the berries this morning. She is going to put up some blackberries and some huckleberries, and has expressed insane desires to make mixtures after your manner. I curb her with difficulty and an axe.

However, I enclose "Lizette," for you to give or send to Mr. Bailey, and some more poetry for your delectation and improvement.

We would like to hear from you more often!! Cut out raising Heck awhile and chronicle your adventures for us!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Gale, New York, 1908

DEAR BRAT—This will probably be the last letter I will write you from Gale, for we are going to New Brunswick to visit at 147 for a week or so. As soon as we find a cheap mansion in Morristown, and get it furnished, we will probably move in.

For a long time we did not hear from you, but I continued to fire off letters. A day or so ago came a pipe, two letters, and a swarm of amiable post-cards, one of which had the nerve to curse me bitterly for not writing! It is curious that you should be visiting places where Sterne had lived, just when I was reading the letters you wrote to my father (which he sent me) and noticing their strong flavor of Sterne. You should read "The Sentimental Journey." You would enjoy it, I know. It's not so well known as some of Sterne's stuff, but I like it best. The pipe is amiable—I never saw one of those patent pipes I liked so well. It didn't burn my tongue when I "broke it in," as most pipes do, and I am with difficulty restrained from smoking it at meals and when in swimming. Much obliged!

However, I wonder how we will get along when visiting my parent in New Brunswick. I think to make myself agreeable, I will demand booze with all my meals, will read the *Smart Set* aloud, and invite Seaumas O'Shiel out for a visit.

Don't forget to give or send "Lizette" to Mr. Bailey.

I am much obliged for your letters, all of which I guess I've received, and wish they were more numerous!

I enclose some poetry.

Your affectionate son, JOYCE.

NAIADS

In the sunlight softly showing,
Maiden forms are whitely glowing
Magic maidens wrapped in gleaming,
Robes of light are streaming, streaming
Over rocks and mosses splashing,
Ever singing, ever dashing
Silver clouds on high!

And their haunting, ceaseless singing
Through my maddened brain is ringing,
For they sing not love nor laughter,
Know not life nor what comes after.
Only know the poet's pleasure,
For they win his dearest treasure,
Make sweet sounds and die!

New Brunswick, N. J., Aug. 4, 1908

Dear Brat—Many large returns of today. I will osculate and smite you the requisite 26 times when I see you!

I received an amiable letter from you yesterday. God have Mercy on Harold, and on all Christian souls. Deal gently, good man-destroying infant, with the simple Yorkshire lads. They are but mortal. However, you seem to revel in the carnage. Did you send my poem about "Lizette" to Mr. Bailey?

I hope you liked your birthday present. I have another one for you, which I will give you when you return, as I can't post it conveniently. It is red, but further I will not state.

I am writing a series of articles for *Red Cross Notes* on the "Psychology of Advertising." My father is at the dinner of the Directors of Johnson & Johnson at present.

Aline is experimenting in cookery. She has made biscuits, cookies and corn pudding, and is going to put up some peaches.

Yours enthusiastically affectionately, Joyce.

1908

DEAR BRAT—Hail! But do not, for the love of Heaven, carry that stick! You are expected immediately in Morristown—let New Brunswick go to the Deuce! We have an amiable young house, and a room for you, red and white, as much as possible. You are expected to stay here for some years, and if you attempt to leave, your stick will be broken into seven pieces.

Cold weather. However, you must visit the school. I have in all about one hundred pupils.

The pipe you gave me is broken in now, and is delectable.

In the Morristown Local of the Socialist Party we have one doctor, one aristocrat (Arrowsmith, late of Seabury & Johnson) and the local Baptist minister.

Hoping immediately to see you, I am,

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—Congratulations on the Dickens book from Kain!

We have made a window seat in the dining room, and covered it with the red piano cover. The blue portières are hung in the dining room alcove, and some of the lace curtains upstairs.

I have finished my fairy story that I started last summer, and written my bullfight story. I have to deliver an address on the 29th on "The College Man and Religion." It is a large opportunity. The scene is to be South St. Presbyterian Church. By gad I will give them Heck! I may be mobbed, but I will have an enjoyable evening.

We were naturally disappointed that you didn't come Thursday. Come out this Thursday, or have your face stepped on.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—Much obliged for the *Post*, with picture of Deacon Hill shrinking from a bath, for the *Home News* and for the candy. The candy was darn good—I never ate any grape fruit peel candied before, and like it much better than candied orange peel.

We have an excellent chance for renting the house.

Also much obliged for the *Smart Set*. It was a very good number. I suppose you have seen my poem in the current number of *Moods*. I have about a dozen mss. out now, and hope to place some soon. Please tell my father that his mss. is corrected, and will leave here tomorrow, with a batch of stuff for *Red Cross Notes*.

I have sent in my name to Pratt's Agency for a new job next year to be on the safe side, but Miss Brown says I'll probably be reelected here. However, I want $200.00 more a year. I am going to try for a job with some N. Y. concern anyway, like the *Town and Country* one I nearly landed.

Well, be a good brat. I am glad to hear you are in a proper state of mind now. Telephone at your convenience! Preferably evenings.

Hoping soon to see you, I am, Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Thursday, 1909

HELLO BRAT!—I hear you telephoned to me this morning. I regret that I was sweetly sleeping at the time. I did not have all my evening clothes, and Aline was weary, so we stayed home and rested, retiring early.

This afternoon I worked some, and read some *Nicholas Nickleby* aloud to the children. It is a fine day. I will call you up today, Thursday, but I suppose this letter won't reach you till after I have telephoned you.

Be a good child, wash your face daily.

My poem is half done! and I have just sent off my Psychology note to Prof. Woodworth.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—The doctor came today and, after examining Kenton, said no further operation was necessary. This is in many respects fortunate.

Will you please give Netty a quarter and say I sent it. I'll pay you Friday when you're here. I forgot to tip her yesterday, and I can't send a quarter by mail easily.

It rained just enough to keep down the dust yesterday, and we did not get wet. Kenton is well, and occasionally speaks of his visit to New Brunswick with much enthusiasm.

We had a darn good time in New Brunswick.

The Breeces are astonished at my resplendent attire.

Come Friday! Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—We've been waiting for Kenton's picture to send you, so there has been delay, but I hope you will get this in time for your landing.

I've had two offers of principalship—one in Hamilton, Bermuda, and one in Pompton Lakes, N. J. I probably will not go to Bermuda. I went to New York last night to see about the Pompton Lakes job, and I think I stand a good chance of getting it.

By now you know of my Memorial sonnet on George Meredith, which appeared in last Thursday's New York *Sun*. I enclose copy of it.

It is very hot here. Kenton is asleep. He looks pretty well now; he's not such a bad-looking child.

I have bought a new book by Kenneth Grahame, called "The Wind in the Willows." You remember, you liked his "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age" so much.

There is, of course, still a chance of my going to New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, to teach in the college there—Westminster College it is called.

We are going to move next Monday. Just address my letters Morristown, N. J., until June 25.

I will write more very soon, but the postman is coming now.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—I received a young letter from you recently. I knew you would break your accustomed resolution of isolation on shipboard—in fact you do not possess to any remarkable extent the qualities of a recluse.

I have had one poem printed since my Meredith sonnet in the *Sun*—a quatrain in *Moods*, a copy of which I enclose.

Today I received word from Professor Glen Swigget, of the University of the South, that he had accepted my poem "Prayer to Bragi" and would print it in an early number of his magazine, *The Pathfinder*. This magazine (not to be confused with a weekly news magazine of the same name, published in Washington) is probably the best sustained literary monthly in America, if not in the world. It prints nothing but poetry and essays, and numbers among its contributors Ludwig Lewissohn, Edith Thomas, Clinton Scollard, Henry Van Dyke and others of equal genius. My "Prayer to Bragi" is founded on a Norse legend of the origin of poetry. I read it to you once, and will send you a copy of it when it appears. My sonnet in the *Sun* has been reprinted in Morristown, New Brunswick, Norfolk and Newark papers, and has now passed into "Plate Matter," that is, into the syndicated "patent insides" that are sent around to country newspapers in various parts of the United States.

I do not know what I will do next year. I hope to get literary work of some kind. I have been offered three principalships, two in New Jersey and one in Bermuda, but I want literary work, not school teaching.

Well, be a good infant and write! Letters are preferable to postcards.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Metuchen, N. J., August 7, 1909

DEAR BRAT—Naturally, I was much pleased with your enthusiastic praise of my "Ballade of Butterflies." I like it myself, and I thought it would appeal to you.

I have not started work with Funk & Wagnalls yet, as the arrangements are still unfinished. I received a letter from *Town and Country* recently, saying that they were sending me a book to review, and that they expected to use my services more frequently during the coming year.

I enclose a circular advertising "The Younger Choir," a book which is to consist of the work of a number of young writers of verse, including myself. Edwin Markham, who is to edit the book, wrote "The Man with the Hoe," and is a distinguished man of letters. Of the contributors, Viereck, Oppenheim and Van Noppen are the best known. Viereck is assistant editor of *Current Literature*, and a poet of some distinction. His play, "The Vampire," attracted much attention in New York last season. It is said that he has the right to wear the German Imperial arms—with the bar sinister. Oppenheim has the entrée to most of the magazines of importance. So has Van Noppen, who is a Lowell Institute lecturer. My father has ordered two copies in your name.

I have a rather rare Dickens book for you. It is a Dictionary of the Thames, written by the novelist when he was a young journalist. Aline is delighted with the egg and toast rack. So am I. So is Kenton. She has a birthday present to give you when you get back. I have another present for you, too, but I won't tell you what it is. However, it's nice. I saw it in New York and thought you might like it.

We dined with Sflager last night. She sent her love to you. She is looking very well.

I am glad you are having a good time. I think you will enjoy next winter while we are in New York. We'll have large times! I am at work on a novel.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

New Brunswick, N. J., 1909

HELLO BRAT!—Hope you enjoyed your birthday. Enclosed find fifteen (the correct number, I believe, with one over) enthusiastic embraces and an equal number of severe blows upon what may delicately be designated the back of your stomach. Kenton eagerly says the same.

I sent you a red leather portfolio. Use it to write me, imp and fiend that you are! Lord, I've written twenty letters to your one this summer!

We went to the Parkers' tea today—Aline in her reception gown, and I in my grey suit with my stick and new Panama hat.

You remember the poem "Rose and Grey" which was suggested to me by Mr. George Bailey's letter? It has been accepted by *The Bang*. This magazine is devoted almost exclusively to verse, and is edited by Alexander Harvey, who is editor also of *Current Literature*. It is a very high-class magazine, and entry to its pages is a thing greatly to be desired. I enclose Mr. Harvey's letter of acceptance.

Practically every one at the tea asked after you. Miss Molt said, "I don't ask if she's having a good time—she carries a good time wherever she goes!"

I am darn glad you are sailing sooner than you expected! So is Aline! So is Kenton! Kenton wishes an answer to his postcard. You will like my Panama hat. It cost five dollars. During this hot weather Kenton wears only a band and a pair of diapers. He has no teeth.

Well, be a good brat! Go to London by all means if you get a chance! And write me a letter for the love of Heaven!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—This is the eighth letter written since hearing from you. Enclosed find a picture of Morristown High School faculty. I mentioned it before and meant to send it, but mislaid it. I am in the lower right-hand corner. Mr. Morey is seated just above me. The other man in the picture is Dr. Pierson. He is in the picture because of his position as president of the Board of Education. Miss Brown (the assistant principal) whom you met at Lakeside Place, is the lady in the centre of the top row. Miss Slack, whom you also met, is next to Dr. Pierson.

I have just this evening concluded some work I have been doing for *Red Cross Notes*. I am now at work on a special article for the *Literary Digest* on the French view of Meredith. I will send you a copy of the issue in which it appears. In it I make a translation from M. Charles Chasse's article "La France dans l'Oeuvre de Meredith" in *La Revue* for June 15. I will also send you the August *Moods* and the August *Pathfinder*, in both of which I have poems—"Tribute" and "Prayer to Bragi."

I bought your present in New York yesterday. It is large and red, and is coming not by post, but by mail. Try and deserve it by writing occasionally in the intervals of wall climbing and general raising of Heck.

Kenton and Aline send love. They are wailing and cursing for lack of letters from you. Kenton said last night, "Some English infant has cut me out."

Yours with love, JOYCE.

New Brunswick, N. J., 1909

Dear Brat—Received an amiable young letter from you today. Aline was delighted with her pendant. She has recently started to wear black ribbons around her throat and she likes the pendant to hang on it. By the way, the red portfolio was not from Aline and myself, as I have several times distinctly stated! It was from me! Aline is making a birthday present for you, which will be ready on your arrival.

My work with Funk & Wagnalls does not start until about Sept. 10, so temporarily I am working at the factory, making a fool book about window displays. God help the druggist who decks his window after my suggestions! Speaking of God, Arthur Devan called last night. He was much embarrassed when Kenton appeared in his nightgown to greet him. When he departed, Arthur shook hands with Aline and remarked, "Good night, Buster!" immediately turning purple and explaining that he meant Kenton, not Aline, by this laudatory title.

I expect to be down to meet you when you return, unless my Funk & Wagnalls work has begun then. Even if it has, I will see you that evening, for we're going to stay with you until October first. I'll commute from New Brunswick to New York.

Kenton is writing you a letter to go by this same mail.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

I'll be darn glad to get you back home!

New Brunswick, N. J., 1909

DEAR BRAT—McAlister and I did not stay long with the Higher Education Association. The magazine was a visionary impalpable thing, not to come into being for some months. Meanwhile our work as assistant editors was to consist not in preparing copy nor writing anything, but in selling stock, an occupation for which we were not particularly fitted or inclined. Also, the stock was speculative in the extreme—so much so that a blind kitten of average discretion would refuse to invest therein. Accordingly, especially since we were to sell stock on commission, not on salary, we resigned. McAlister is now a night reporter on the *Sun;* I have got a job with Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers of the *Literary Digest.* My work will begin August 1st, and will consist chiefly of preparing articles on modern French literature and reading French books submitted to the house for publication. I do not know what the salary will be. If I don't like that job—or if Funk & Wagnalls don't like me—I have a chance to enter the book department of Scribner's on Sept. 1st. In either case we will live in New York, which ought to gratify you. We will take you to dinner at the Café Boulevard, where they have an amiable roof garden and a Hungarian orchestra in costume, and a man with a mandolin, who sings in Hungarian and Italian.

By the way, try and procure and learn two Italian songs, one of which goes "Chimiminimi!" and the other of which is called "Finiculi Finicula." The second is about a gravity railroad on Mt. Vesuvius.

Kenton insists on preventing me from sleeping in the morning, when left on the bed, by crawling after me and punching me. He does not cry much, but he converses and laughs loudly all the time. His eyes are brown. Helen Hardenburgh thinks he looks like you.

I enclose a copy of a Ballade I wrote recently, also a picture of some boys who were in the Morristown High School. While I have had several chances to teach school at a good salary, I had rather do literary work for smaller pay.

Be a good infant! Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

147 College Ave., New Brunswick, N. J., 1909

DEAR BRAT—I received an amiable young letter from you recently, and I was darned glad to get it, for I'd been feeling rotten about not getting any while my father was getting a lot.

I start work in New York a week from Monday with Funk & Wagnalls. The tunnel under the river is done now, so I do not need to cross by the ferries. This saves a good deal of time. I expect to go to New York on business next week early. I hope you get your present in time for your birthday. Furthermore I hope you like it!

I saw the picture Ferguson drew of you. He may be a worthy youth, but nevertheless with all deference I beg to state that the picture is a damnable caricature and that I should enjoy making him eat it.

Kenton does not cry much but he laughs and shouts loudly, waving his arms. He delights to do this mornings when I wish to sleep. Furthermore he catches my hair and endeavors to rise by means thereof. He took an unlit cigar from me the other day and began to eat it. I stopped him, as it was a good cigar.

NOTICE—See the pageant at Bath if you get a chance! It's going to be especially good. Also, by all means go to London! You will be very foolish if you neglect to.

Aline and I dined with the Corbins last Wednesday. Sflager said she had a letter from you and intended to write soon. She is looking very well now. She sleeps out on a balcony.

Well, for Heaven's sake, write occasionally! Aline and Kenton send love! Both will write soon.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1909

DEAR BRAT—Allow me to remark that this is the *fourth* letter I have written since hearing from you! My Yorkshire pipe is accumulating an excellent cake. I am spending most of my time nowadays reading French, as my work with Funk & Wagnalls will be largely in the line of reading French books and manuscripts.

Kenton is growing considerably human, and sends his love. He seems to be fond of Maria, whom he usually has with him. He is now out on the porch sleeping in his carriage, and secured from flies by means of mosquito netting.

If you happen to see Mr. Bailey this summer, remember me to him. I suppose we'll start in securing a flat in New York soon. My office will be 44 West 23rd St., right near the shopping district, so it will be easy for you to go out to lunch with me when you come to New York. We will go to Dorlon's, which is next door to my office, or to Cavanagh's, which is only two blocks off, or to the restaurant in the basement of the Flatiron Building, which is on the next corner. I have discovered an amiable drink, which I am eager to see you consume. It consists of equal parts of French Vermouth and Cassis, and is served in a cocktail glass.

It seems to me you might write to me at least as often as you do to my father! I've written to you certainly as often as he has, if not more often. If you didn't get the letters, Timpson didn't forward them, that's all, for I've written every week since you left except the week we were moving into the boarding house, and the following week I wrote twice. Yet my father gets letters every other day, while Kenton and I are left in the cold.

I expect to send your birthday present off the first part of this week. I hope you like it—it's a present worthy of an amiable, intelligent letter-writing infant—try to deserve it! I am going shares on my father's present to you, but this is

a separate, distinct and individual additional present, such as no other infant, however worthy, ever received.

In the next issue of *Moods*, which appears August 1st, I have a poem. I have a poem also in the *Pathfinder* for August. By the way, I told you about the *Pathfinder* poem about a month ago, and you didn't mention it. Do you remember receiving the letter? *Moods* is a large and prosperous magazine now, as large as the *Strand*, and numbering among its contributors Julia Marlowe, George Sylvester Viereck, Percy MacKaye and myself.

Seaumas O'Shiel has become a Socialist.

Kenton wears white woolen socks as a cure for colic. Did you ever hear of that remedy? You might try it as a preventive of seasickness.

Well, we'd be having a darned sight better time if you were here. That's straight, and not intended as flattery, for in several respects you are an infant worthy of considerable enthusiastic approval.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

125 Wadsworth Ave., New York City, 1909

MRS. KILBURN-KILMER.

DEAR BRAT—Enclosed find a poem which you may perhaps like. Next Thursday I am to start translating a Russian play, "The Cherry Garden," with a friend of mine who is an exiled Revolutionist. He will put it into English and I will revise the English. It will then be published as a separate volume by Moods Publishing Co. Of course we won't make any money out of it, but it will be amusing.

I am working for Funk & Wagnalls now at $15.00 a week. The work is pleasant and the hours are short, and the associations are most desirable.

Come out soon! My lunch hour is from 12:30 to 1:30. My office is on 23rd Street, right by the Subway.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

New York, Dec. 22, 1909

DEAR BRAT—Don't be an idiot! We decided yesterday evening, long before your infantile letter came, that we would come to New Brunswick Friday, Christmas Eve, in time for dinner, and stay over night and to dinner next day. One advantage of so doing is that Kenton can hang up his sock by the gas logs. He has teething rings made out of biscuit.

If you are a good child I'll give you the nicest Christmas present you ever got from me. If not you'll get spanked so that you will have to eat your Christmas dinner off the piano.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE

1910

My Good Infant—Help! Puff's birthday is the 21st, and according to your own statement and our agreement, it is to be celebrated not this coming Sunday, but Easter Sunday, the 27th! And Aline is to have her new hat finished by that date, and her new suit, and I am to wear my Prince Albert and perhaps if it's a fine day we will parade to church and distract the general attention from Comrade Elisha Brooks's sermon.

You said, "Shall we celebrate Puff's birthday the 21st or on Easter Sunday?" I said, "On Easter Sunday, because I may get Good Friday and Easter Eve off!" You said, "Good." Puff said, "Good indeed."

And get to the office before 12:30 Thursday. I have a new luncheon place—and I guarantee the production of King —absolutely! Will hand you your gift Thursday.

Say, there may possibly be rather important results from an interview I am to have with Charles Thompson, John A. Moroso and some other people this Saturday evening! But don't say anything about it until I tell you definitely. I may leave Funk & Wagnalls for much more desirable work. I'll tell you more about it Thursday.

So, you see, we may spend Good Friday, Easter Eve, and Easter Day in New Brunswick. Be a good child!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1910

Dear Brat—There is a strike in Philadelphia, so come here by 12:30 Thursday, and we will lunch at the Fifth Avenue restaurant—on Fifth Avenue near 24th St.

"Jesus and the Summer Rain" was in Sunday's *Call*.

Saturday night we had the first meeting of our new magazine staff. Don't say anything about it, or I'll be fired from Funk & Wagnalls! I'll tell you all about it when I see you.

Find out what clothes of mine are in New Brunswick!

Puff says you told him he could eat fruit-cake and drink champagne at his party. He ate his postcard this morning with great satisfaction, before he was detected.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

New York, Oct. 21, 1910

Dear Brat—Here is the clipping concerning Simpson. We went up to the apartment last night. The Subway was blocked, so we took a surface car, which took about two hours.

That was a very delightful luncheon yesterday. I hope you enjoyed Glenzer and the show.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

New York, Dec. 1, 1910

Dear Brat—Enclosed find the letter for Glenzer. It is a very nice letter. That card I showed was simply an invitation to an evening at the Authors' Club, not a membership card. I am not eligible to join until I publish a book.

Tell my father I am collecting the book catalogues he required. Come out! Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1910

Dear Brat—Enclosed find poem. The *Times* gave me only $6.00 for "Chevley Crossing," so I have quit giving them stuff. L——— is no longer editor of the Sunday *Times*, and the present occupant of his position probably never read any verse before he got his present job. I won't bother with the *Times* at all until the present Sunday editor is fired or mercifully killed.

Barry says he received a charming letter from you. He also reproved me for failing to inherit your laugh. Slip, slap, slop.

Let every one pray for the soul of Edward VII. He needs it.

We dined at the Petitpas the other night. There were old Mr. Yeats, Eric Bell, Snedden, Kraymborg, Hartpence, Van Wyck, Brooks, Aline and myself. Then we went to Henri's studio. Norman Poe and Ellen Terry's son and numerous other people were there.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

Jan. 3, 1910

Dear Brat—My "Butterfly Ballade" was in the magazine section of yesterday's New York *Times*. I had forgotten that I had sent it to them. They have in their possession also my "King's Ballade," which I suppose they will print soon.

Be a good child!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1910

DEAR BRAT—The question is, does the postcard you sent my father—I got none!—represent "Nymph and Swineherd" or "The Suffragette and the British Workman"? It is, at any rate, an interesting picture.

I had two bits of verse in today's *Times*—"Love's Rosary," which you have seen, as I wrote it last year in Morristown, and "Love's Thoroughfare," a recent sonnet. I am sending you (by my father, who steams Tuesday) the magazine section of the *Times* containing these verses and also a poem by Shaemas, and another by my friend John A. Moroso, of whom I spoke to you.

Puff has asked me to enclose one of his pictures for you. He has had rather a hard day, combining indigestion with rolling down the porch-steps. He is peacefully sleeping now and will be all right tomorrow.

Puff has a large vocabulary nowadays, and an ingratiating manner. He is not reading so much as formerly, however.

We are going to dinner with my father tomorrow night at Luchow's. Then we are going back to New Brunswick, and my father will stay over night at a hotel or on the boat. I have a number of new pieces of verse to show you when you return, and I am looking forward to our Thursday luncheons with much pleasure. Also you have a birthday present awaiting you.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

June 30 to July 6, 1910

DEAR BRAT—We are going out to New Brunswick in the motor car Saturday afternoon.

Much obliged for insane but amiable group pictures. One male god-child of yours is fairly attractive. I don't know whether it's a Sharp, a Woolard or a Starling. You certainly are looking prosperous.

We are all recovered now from our various ailments. I suppose you are tremendously excited over the Jeffries-Johnson fight on July 4th. I will cable you the result collect.

This letter has been lost for several days. I have just found it and will complete it.

Johnson defeated Jeffries, as I suppose you have heard. My sonnet "Court Musicians" was in Sunday's *Times*. I'll send you a copy. We are all out in New Brunswick.

It is now about the ninth of July. Hereafter I will finish my letters at a sitting, as this business of writing at odd intervals seems to delay the completion of an epistle indefinitely.

By way of a mid-summer recreation, I decided to have my throat expurgated yesterday, so I had two physicians out to remove my tonsils.

Wait till you see your birthday present!

Thank you for the Thrushes. I anticipate their arrival with great pleasure.

By the way, while you are in England, by all means take in some of the seashore resorts like Brighton or Folkstone. That is a feature of English life, apparently distinctive and interesting.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

September 30, 1910

Dear Brat—We went to New York to move our furniture into our new apartment, and have just got back. We have an apartment with the same number of rooms as before, but very much larger, with electric light, and front instead of rear, and the rent amounts to only a quarter a month more. It's on 184th Street—about as far from the Subway as before. You have a large room with very fine golden paper! Take advantage of it! Furthermore, you have a present waiting for you—your birthday present, in fact!

Puff has been visiting his friend Mollie Campbell in Metuchen, and returned to New Brunswick today. He is eagerly anticipating your return, and intends to start shaving soon.

The pipe you sent me has two hats now. It smokes excellently, and I think the wood will grow darker. You certainly showed discretion in the selection of the stem and mouthpiece.

We called on Sflager last Sunday. She is looking well.

I wonder if you saw "The Blue Bird" in London. I think it must be much better worth seeing than "Chanticleer."

Your friend Roosevelt has been elected temporary chairman of the Republican party convention.

I hear that the ladies of London now smoke slender Japanese pipes instead of cigarettes.

I have written a number of poems that you will see on your return. I am going to send some to two London publications—the *Spectator* and the *New Age*, both of which are very interesting weeklies.

Well, we'll see you before long. We'll all try to get down to the dock to see you land, if we find out when the boat comes in, which we probably will be able to do.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1910

DEAR BRAT—We are on the shore of a very large lake. Our cottage is on the side of a mountain. The lake is surrounded by mountains which come right down to the water. Last night it snowed, and this morning there is snow on top of the mountains across the lake. We have a motor boat and several row-boats. We row and walk a good deal. It is very cold but we have a big open fire of birch logs.

The reviews in the New Brunswick papers were very good. You are an admirable press-agent. Much obliged!

The day before I left I was told that Mr. Pickering, the head of the illustration department of the Dictionary, was leaving because of ill health. Mr. Vizetelly offered me his job (Mr. Pickering's, not Mr. Vizetelly's) and I accepted it. I have an assistant. I don't know anything about illustrations, but I'll make my assistant do the work.

I'm glad Reed's is going to carry my book in stock. I told the Baker & Taylor Co. to write to him. I hope he sells some.

I suppose the convention is now convening. How exhilarating. Thank you for the watch and for sending Stewart Walker the pictures. I hope my father is by this time in good health.

In coming up here we left the boat at Albany. I remember visiting some cousins or something there some years ago with you. They had a translation of the "Divina Commedia" and a humourous connection by marriage. They lived up three flights of stairs. Who were they? They had a cat and several kittens.

Kenton is clamouring for exercise, so I guess I'll let him row us across the lake to post this letter.

Be a good infant. I certainly am obliged to you for those notices. I will be glad to see you again.

Aline and Kenton send love.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1910

DEAR BRAT—I will be very glad to have you with me Thursday at 12:30. Get to the office about 12:20 if you can. Furthermore, I'll pick out a nice matinée for you to go to.

Didn't a copy of the January *Pathfinder* come for me? If it did please bring it, and any other mail I may receive.

Remember that Thursday is the day you're coming—I have luncheon engagements for Tuesday and Wednesday.

You were particularly fashionably attired when last you appeared. I may introduce you to Mr. King, if he's around when you're on hand Thursday.

I finished the article my father wished, and am sending it to him by this mail.

By the way, Mrs. Trask's play,"The Little Town of Bethlehem," is at Madison Square Garden Theatre, not the New Theatre. It started a week ago today, that is, the 17th, and was scheduled to run only 16 performances. So if you're going to it, you'd better get busy.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1911

DEAR BRAT—I have now completely recovered from the measles, and am back at work again. Now Kenton has the ailment, but we expect he will be well by the time you get this letter. I am sending a copy of *The Forum*, which contains Le Gallienne's review of "The Younger Choir," in which he pleasantly mentions my Ballade.

During my illness I asked Aline what time it was late one night. For answer she arose, fast asleep, and in the pitch darkness handed me the alarm clock and went back to bed.

If you happen to run across any of the publications of The Samaurai Press, of Surrey, will you send me a copy if they seem worth while? I think they cost a shilling each. And will you please notice what London papers and magazines print most verse, and send me their addresses?

I lunch at the Columbia Club nowadays, and the dining room is outdoors on a pavilion now. As it is right in Grammercy Park, it is very charming.

Do you hear much of Ezra Pound's work in England? He is a young American poet resident in London. I have read his two books, which have made some sensation over here.

Mitchell Kennerly has succeeded Russell Hertz as editor of *The Forum*. Barrie has gone to the country, rejoicing in what he called a delightful letter from you. Mr. King is in Paris now.

We are going to Lake George in August, to a cottage belonging to Mrs. Spencer Trask, for a couple of weeks.

Remember me to George the Five. Much obliged for the paper with account of Ed's funeral. I am using black ink on account of the court mourning.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

July 8, 1911

Dear Brat—I will not apologise for using red ink, as I think it has a rather decorative effect. Numerous post-cards have been received from you by Puff, Aline and myself, but no letter for the past eighteen years. You have not yet stated whether or not you approved the coronation. Give my love to Emily Grigsby, when you are next at court. That Grigsby affair is absolutely delightful. I have seen her often in New York, and several friends of mine know her well. She is a very beautiful and brilliant woman. She certainly has fooled the respectable people concerned.

Puff has been wandering about during the recent hot weather clad in his rompers, with no other garment. He climbs up and down stairs incessantly, and has developed a certain faculty for narrative.

My book is progressing, as is our song. One of your post-cards to Aline said that you had made a tune for "Terre d'Amour." I am, strange to relate, interested in that fact, and, remarkably enough, would be glad to have the tune.

Shaemas has brought out his book, which is very good indeed. I think, however, that in form mine will surpass it. You will, of course, receive a special advance copy, before the others are made. How did you like "Madness"? The *Digest* reprinted it this week from *Harper's Weekly*, and although you have a copy of the poem already, I am sending a clipping to refresh your memory.

By the way, Aline told you we bought a lot to build a house on, didn't she? It's really more accessible than our apartment was. We are going to build a house with a large fireplace and built-in bookcases, and a bright red room for you!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

July 29, 1911

DEAR BRAT—I think I have told you eighteen times how much I liked the books you sent me, but nevertheless I now again inform you that they are delightful. Shane Leslie is one of the most brilliant of the younger Irish writers, and as he has no American publisher, his books are difficult to procure over here. The "Anthology of French Verse" is one I have never before seen, and is, I think, the best collection of the sort that I know. You certainly know how to buy books, my good infant.

By the way, how did you like the birthday poem I sent you? And I'm going to give you another birthday present when you come back, and so is Aline, and so is Puff. And you'll have a red room in our new house! I am reviewing books for the New York *Post*. They have printed two, and have sent me three more novels to review for the next issue. Aline is delighted with the prospect of receiving a sun-dial. We have wanted one very much. We shall probably put it on a post in the front yard, or fasten it to a great boulder that is already there.

Mr. Guy's poem got through the Customs House all right, and was received by us. Reverencing the Cloth as I do, I refuse to repeat Puff's comments on Mr. Guy as a poet. The mug, however, was admirable. He has two coronation mugs now, both china, one from you and one from Mr. Guy. He demands a third, which shall be of enamelled tin, unbreakable.

I miss our Thursday luncheons very much, and have found numerous delightful places where we will eat on your return. Also there is an opera coming to New York next winter, to which you are to be taken—Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier."

I am glad you saw the Coronation Procession, though I imagine you're fearfully sick of the affair by now.

Be a good infant and enjoy yourself.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

New Brunswick, N. J., 1911

DEAR BRAT—It's about time you wrote me a letter! I don't know yet whether or not you received your birthday poem. I am enclosing a clipping from *The Pathfinder*. I think you have seen the poem before. It refers to Arthur Symons, the great English poet, who is paralysed. He is only forty-five years old.

I read recently in a New Brunswick paper a brilliantly written letter from you. It is, I think, the most interesting piece of coronation literature I have read. You are certainly to be congratulated. I liked the simple and direct way in which you treated so elaborate and complicated a spectacle. It was a difficult thing to do, and you did it admirably.

Kenton and I took a walk over the Landing Bridge today. He has a large vocabulary, a fondness for narrative, vivid humour, and violent curiosity.

I was very glad recently to receive several books from you. "The Skipper's Wooing" is, I think, the best book of Jacob's that I have read. I had for a long time desired to read Dumas' "Black Tulip," and I found it charming. Conan Doyle is a comfortable old-fashioned sort of a writer, and I spent a very pleasant hour over the "Firm of Girdlestone." The Snaith book I have not yet read. Aline found it a most attractive romance, and so undoubtedly shall I.

I have been doing some reviewing recently for the *Nation*, a critical weekly, published in New York, somewhat resembling the English magazine of the same name.

Do you like King George as well as you did Edward VII? He is apparently a less interesting character.

Soon I will send you your specially bound advance copy of "Summer of Love." The small circular advertising it will be out soon, and mailed to the names on the list. I will also send you a number of the circulars to distribute from house to house and to paste on telegraph poles in London and York.

There is a possibility that in your room at Cragmere there will be a stationary wash-basin with hot and cold water! Would you like that? There are to be built-in bookcases, two open fireplaces, a dining porch and a sleeping porch. There is a spring on the grounds, and there are mountains all around. In fact, the house is to be built on a mountain side. Its name is to be Nine Bean Rows, after the poem by William Butler Yeats, called "The Lake Isle of Inisfree," which contains the lines:

> I will arise and go now, and go to Inisfree
> And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.
> Nine bean-rows will I have there, and a hive for the honey-bee,
> And live alone in the bee-loved glade.

You are an excellent infant, and write very good letters, but you write them with annoying infrequency.

Enjoy yourself, my child, and bring back a large appetite and thirst for your Thursday luncheons.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

May 21, 1912

Dear Brat—Hey, write a letter sometime! We expect to move Monday to Cragmere, Mahwah, New Jersey. The house isn't finished, but we think that one room will be ready for occupation by that time.

My father is sending you a copy of *The International*, containing "The Ballad of the Brave Wanton." I enclose copies of some poems which I think you have not seen.

My father, Aline and Kenton are in good health. So is Rosamonde.

I hope you are having a good time in England. When do you go to Ireland?

See as many pageants as possible. I've been reviewing the books of some American pageants recently for the *Times*. I will send you copies of the paper containing them.

Aline, Kenton and Rosamonde send love.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

Mahwah, New Jersey, 1912

Dear Brat—Thank you very much for the pipe! I have always wanted a carved meerschaum, and this is beautifully made. It is beginning to colour already. A part of the elephant's trunk is turning yellow. Eventually the whole pipe will be black, except the tusks, which, being made of ivory, will remain white. You could not have made a better selection.

Aline likes her plaques very much, and will write to you soon about them.

Last night we went to a dance at the home of some friends of ours. We can one-step and grape-vine. Aline grape-vines very well. When you come back I will teach you the new dances, unless you learn them while abroad.

The mountains about here are very interesting. Recently I climbed two of them with my friend Richardson Wright, who was visiting me. We found on Mt. Houvenkopf an old artist and his wife, the only white people for many miles. The natives live in log cabins and are called Jackson Whites. They are usually cream-coloured, but some of them are black and some are copper-coloured. They are of mixed Negro, Indian, German, Dutch and Scotch descent, their names being chiefly Dutch—Van Dick, De Grote and the like. They are very amusing people. There is a fine view from the mountains, and the valley between them is full of wild honeysuckle. You must climb these mountains this autumn.

Several postcards and an entertaining letter have come from you from Oxford—no one knew you were at Oxford. The postcards mentioned one "Arthur," your companion in much riot. We puzzled over Arthur for days. Finally your letter came and Arthur Devan was revealed.

Enjoy yourself, and occasionally receive a letter! I write about twice a week.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

June 25, 1912

DEAR BRAT—The sending of cables is a wearing occupation, and I think that the one I sent you yesterday is worth 10,000,000 letters.

Your two recent letters were very amusing, particularly the description of the picture of the automobile at the New Brunswick Boost Week Celebration.

We are living in Mahwah now. The floor and woodwork are not yet stained, and there is no electric light as yet, but otherwise we are very comfortable.

I am glad you liked "Martin" and "Pennies." The former did not allude to Martin Chuzzlewit or any other Dickens character; it was founded on an old man named Baldwin who used to work here.

I will be glad to have you market the poems in England, but this must be done after they have been printed over here. Otherwise the American rights are destroyed. I will tell you when to send them out.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

June 27, 1912

DEAR BRAT—Perhaps you would get my letters more surely and promptly if you gave me a complete itinerary, stating your whereabouts for this summer and autumn. Of course your letters state where you are, but you flit about considerably.

We are pretty comfortable in our house now. It is all finished except painting and staining. I went fishing Sunday and caught a large fat perch.

What do you think of Roosevelt now?

The poems mentioned cannot be sold to English magazines until they have appeared in American magazines. The fact that you sent "Pennies" to *The Spectator* is all right, but don't send any more out until I notify you that they have appeared over here. One of them, "A Blackbird and his Mate," will probably be ready in a few weeks, and I'll send you a copy to send out.

Send me an *Eye Witness*, please. Send Kenton a *Dublin Review*, please. Send Aline a box of tobacco, please. Send Rosamonde a stick, please, as she hopes to learn to walk.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Cragmere, Mahwah, New Jersey, July 3, 1912

DEAR BRAT—Perhaps if you send me an itinerary, and I send letters to you direct, you will get them more surely.

Tomorrow is Fourth of July. Mac and James Gray and I are going fishing to Round Lake, about twelve miles from here. We will take a train.

I enclose some verses. I will send you soon two copies of *The International*, one containing a poem of mine, "The Ballad of the Brave Wanton," and the other containing a letter of mine in answer to Leonard Abbott's "Renaissance of Paganism."

When you get a chance please send me some copies of *The Eye Witness*, *The Dublin Review*, *The Spectator*, *The Academy*, *The Church Times* and *The Atheneum*.

Puff got stung on the mouth by a bee, but is otherwise in good health. He sends his love, and wants wooden shoes and a pipe. Aline and Rosamonde also send love. They want wooden shoes and a pipe.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

July 11, 1912

DEAR BRAT—I received a very amusing letter from you recently, and a copy of *The Spectator*. Thank you. I hope to receive more copies of *The Spectator*, also of *The Eye Witness*, *The New Age*, *The Dublin Review*, *The Academy*, *The Atheneum* and *The Church Times*.

I sent you today two copies of *The International*, one of them containing "The Ballad of the Brave Wanton," I think you received before, but I thought you might like to have this copy because it contains an article by Leonard Abbott on "The Renaissance of Paganism," which is answered by me in the July issue in an article entitled "The Renaissance of Your Grandmother."

Last week I had my tonsils and adenoids removed. I took ether, so it was not painful. I went to a very nice private hospital near Columbus Circle.

The postcard of the Wheat Sheaf Inn landlord (I think it was the Wheatsheaf Inn) and the figure from the ship are very amusing.

By all means read Chesterton's latest novel, "Manalive." I am reviewing it. It is a very delightful book. You remember those essays of Chesterton that I got you recently, don't you?

Before long it will be your birthday. Behave yourself, and you may get a nice present.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

July 23, 1912

Dear Brat—The music has arrived. I think the printers did excellent work. I am very proud to have my verses appear with such charming music.

You are supposed to be getting some birthday verses, but they will probably not arrive until after your birthday. I am going to share in the birthday present you get in England, and then when you land you will get three new birthday presents, one from me, one from Aline, and one from Kenton. Rosamonde is saving her money to meet the expense of being born.

Gray says by all means to go to Amplforth Abbey, which is a monastery near Coxwold. Several of the monks there are friends of his, particularly B. Parker. Gray is one of the editors here, whom you met. He is a Yorkshireman.

I hope you enjoyed the Scarborough pageant. The postcards show that you stopped in an attractive appearing hotel. By all means drink sherry-cobblers with mint crushed in them in hot weather, and mulled port in cold weather.

I thank you for a large number of *Spectators* and one *Eye Witness* recently received. Don't you find the *Eye Witness* a delightful weekly? Read Chesterton's "Manalive"; it's very good. I hope you enjoy your birthday. Many happy returns of the day! You'll get some birthday verses soon.

Aline, Kenton and Rosamonde send love.

Affectionately, Joyce.

Aug. 9, 1912

Dear Brat—Thank you for numerous excellent gifts—the pipe, which is a very fine briar, of the sort in which I especially delight, the "Pepy's Diary," which I have wanted to read for a long time, and the *Eye Witnesses*, *Spectators*, and a *Dublin Review*. I hope you got your birthday verses and that you liked them. Your birthday present you will receive on your return. Rosamonde wishes her poem at once!

Kenton has been somewhat ill, but has recovered. He wants a book. I enclose some verses which may interest you. My father is going abroad about August 20th, and has invited us to stay in New Brunswick during his absence. I do not know whether I can or not. I don't want to leave my house unoccupied.

The book of the Scarborough pageant was very interesting. Scarborough must be an amusing place. Did you go in swimming?

Why do you call the *Eye Witness* radical? It opposes the Insurance Act, and curses Lloyd George.

I am sending you a copy of the *Heptalogia* for the priest who wanted it, if you can remember which he was. It is the last copy on sale, as this edition is out of print. Give it to him, with my compliments, and tell him that American publishers and booksellers never take money from the clergy. I recommend you to read it, particularly "Disgust" and "The Person of the House." They are not at all proper reading for the British clergy! What have you been teaching the unsuspecting old person? Tell him to send me a copy of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* and *The Church Times*, otherwise known as the *Sunday Punch*. By the way, the summer number of *Punch* which you sent me was very good.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

Cragmere, Mahwah, N. J., 1912

Dear Brat—I hope this letter reaches you—you are wandering about Germany, I suppose, and I feel a provincial distrust in the postal authorities of the Continent of Europe. I am writing regularly for the Book Review Section of the *Times* now, a long article every week. A week from tomorrow I leave my present job to become one of the editors of *The Churchman*. This may strike you as somewhat humourous. It is, perhaps, not without its amusing aspects.

I thank you for the various weeklies, which arrive regularly. I enjoy particularly *The Eye Witness*, which is, I think, a very brilliant publication. I told you how much I appreciated "Pepy's Diary." I received a copy of "Gifts of Shee," and was much pleased with its appearance. I certainly have cause to be grateful for your musical gifts. Thank my father, to whom I will write soon, for the two papers he sent me. Your latest letter (like most of them) was very amusing. The description of the bored youth with the wrist-watch was particularly entertaining.

I will write you a longer letter soon, but it's well into Monday morning now, and I must get up at six.

With love from Aline, Kenton and Rosamonde, and to my father, I am,

Affectionately yours, Joyce.

Sept. 21, 1912

DEAR BRAT—Monday I start work on *The Churchman*, at 434 Lafayette St. The present manager of that paper was an instructor in English at Columbia when I was a student there, and he was manager of the Baker & Taylor Co. when they published my book. I am keeping up my articles in the *Times* and *The Digest*, and probably my Current Literature work.

I am looking forward eagerly to the renewal of our Thursday luncheons. My new office is not far from the St. Denis, so perhaps we shall make that the place for our meetings. It is a very good restaurant, as you probably remember.

Aline is much pleased with the jewelry you sent her, and will write to thank you soon. She will forward to Mrs. Alden and Constance the gifts you bought for them. They will be very glad to get them.

I am enjoying the magazines which you are sending, and I am looking forward to seeing you soon. Rosamonde, Aline and Kenton send love, as I do, to you and to my father.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

January 23, 1913

DEAR BRAT—I enclose card for the first of the Authors' Club receptions. It takes place, you see, on the afternoon of the day of the Dickens Fellowship Dinner.

The Poetry Society Dinner is next Wednesday. Tell me what colour gown you are wearing, so I can order especially good flowers.

Be a good child and I'll buy you some wax vestas.

My story in this Sunday's paper is about a typewriter-telegraph. I have a poem on the same page.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Mahwah, N. J., May 4, 1913

Dear Brat—Thanks for the letters received recently, written on the boat.

We went to a dance last night, and expect to go to another next Saturday. Rose is gaining steadily and becoming very good looking. There was a suffrage parade yesterday in New York, but we didn't let her go to it.

I enclose some verses which you have not seen. "Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy" is to appear in the *Smart Set*, and "Trees" will probably appear in a magazine called *Poetry*.

It is very nice out here in the spring—there are large numbers of violets, ranging in color from deep blue almost to red, and some of them are striped light blue and white, also there is an admirable dog-wood tree near the house, and we have planted several vines.

Later I am going to send you some manuscripts and ask you to try to sell them for me.

How are you getting along with the music you were to have published? I am looking forward to receiving copies.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1913

Dear Brat—As I write I smoke some of the admirable tobacco you sent me. The pouch is very nice. The meerschaum pipe has turned a beautiful brown and will soon be black—all except the tusks, which, being of ivory, do not colour.

The small photograph of you that accompanied the tobacco is amusing. The pictures with your godchildren were certainly excellent.

We are putting down a sand walk in front of our house, and we hope to put grass seed in soon.

I will send you copies of the *Smart Set*, the *Catholic World* and *The Bellman* containing some new verse of mine. Do you think you'll get a birthday present? Rose says you will, but she hasn't any sense. I was interested in the clipping you sent me in which my article was quoted from the *Times* Book Review, and I am enjoying the English magazines very much.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1913

DEAR BRAT—It's time I heard from you! Next week I am to lecture on Nicholas Nickleby before the Dickens Fellowship. Isn't that absurd? I may be president of it next year.

You said that you had forgotten the "Suicide" poem I sold to the *Smart Set*, so I send you herewith a manuscript copy. Kindly read it to eight vicars, two bishops and a cardinal. It will do them good, for it is a highly orthodox poem. I will send you a copy of the *Smart Set* for June containing it, and also a copy of the May *Catholic World* containing "Stars."

By all means see "The Hour and the Woman" at the Cosmopolis Theatre, Holborn, if it is given while you are in London. I suppose my father supplies you with copies of the *Times* Book Review, and it is probable that you can live without reading *The Churchman.*

Tell your clerical court that America is widely excited over the proposal to change the church name from "Protestant Episcopal" to "American Catholic." This question is to be decided at the Convention this summer, but undoubtedly the old name will be retained. The Convention is to be held in New York this year, you know, and I will probably attend some of the sessions.

I hope you had a pleasant trip and that you made the acquaintance of the Pages. I was not sure of their identity until I was on the dock. I think you met her at one of the Authors' Club teas during the past winter.

Eat plenty of large strawberries with thick cream and drink Whitbread's ale.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Mahwah, N. J., 1913

DEAR BRAT—It was very pleasant to receive the magazines, which have come in accordance with my request. I was particularly glad to receive the copies of *The British Review*, which is a magazine I admire very much. *The Suffragette* came also, with the pin still fastened upon it.

I hope you enjoy your visit to London. You were wise to go there, I think. It seems absurd to visit England and spend no time in London.

I have a new job. I am working for the magazine section (not the book review) of the New York *Times*. For some months, you know, I have been dependent on book reviews and verse for a living.

Aline and I are delighted with the beautiful buckle you sent her. She is writing to thank you and to describe the Board of Health dinner in New Brunswick, which would have entertained you very much.

I sent you a copy of *The Catholic World* containing "Stars" and a copy of *The Churchman* containing a "Memorial Day" poem. If you have not received them, tell me and I'll send you other copies.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1913

DEAR BRAT—I suppose by this time my father is with you. I am sending you two copies of the *Times* Book Review containing some special articles which I wrote. I will be glad when the dictionary work is over, so that I can devote more time to the pleasanter and more profitable occupation of writing.

Did you receive the *Heptalogia?*

The house looks pretty well now. I dug a blind drain to keep surface water from running into the cellar.

I am enjoying "Pepy's Diary." I had always wanted to read it. I have said this in two previous letters, but your letter recently received asks me if I got the book.

I hope you enjoyed Fr. Parker's call. Gray doesn't know him, but he knew his brother. Rosamonde enjoyed her poem, and should write and say so. As for the Yorkshire *Herald*, probably your conscience has by this time punished you sufficiently. It's all right, absurd infant!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Sept. 21, 1913

DEAR BRAT—Heaven knows where you are now—presumably in Italy.

Be sure to let me know by what boat you are sailing, at what time and from what port! If in Italy you happen to see a good wall crucifix of iron, brass or bronze—not of wood—I'd like very much to have it.

I have in this Sunday's *Times* Book Review a poem in memory of Mme. Faure, who died last month. She wrote over the name of "Pierre de Coulevain." I think you read her novel, "Sur La Branche" ("On the Branch"). She was an old maid who travelled alone all over Europe, living in hotels and writing novels about the people she saw. The title "On the Branch" refers to her mode of life, her flitting from hotel to hotel. I am sending you a copy of the paper containing the poem, but since papers are delivered less surely than letters, I am sending also a manuscript copy.

I expect to bring out another volume of verse this November. The book is to be dedicated to—to whom do you suppose? Why, to you if you are a good child! Think of that!

Did you see my poem called "To Certain Poets" in the October *Smart Set?* The *Smart Set* is published in England as well as America, I believe. I sent you a copy of *The Bellman*, containing "St. Alexis," but I have not seen mention of it in your letters.

The *Home News* ran your letter with these head-lines: "Mrs. F. B. Kilmer Has Success with Her New Songs. Nearly all the Edition of 'Before the Fair' Sold—Likes London—Asks Policeman Where to Get Hairpins. Is the Guest of Noted People."

It is a very good letter. I have cut it out and saved it for you. Well, enjoy yourself.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1913

DEAR BRAT—I hope this reaches you when you land. I have just finished writing a review of Alfred Noyes' "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." It is an admirable book; you must read it. Aline has sold two poems to *Harper's Weekly*, and I have sold "Stars" to *The Catholic World.* I'll send you a copy when it is printed, which will be during the present month. I hope you enjoyed your trip and made the acquaintance of the Pages, for I am now sure it was they. We did not recognise them, however, until we left the boat.

My father is coming out for a week-end soon. I hope that by the time you get back you will find vines growing about our house. We are going to plant some soon.

I am getting a higher rate of pay from the *Times* now, which helps considerably.

Be a good brat, and buy yourself two reception gowns.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

April 20, 1914

DEAR BRAT—Today the elevator starter (you always call him the "porter") in the Times Building said to me, "you ought to get a cable from your mother soon." And tonight my father telephoned that you had landed.

Now I should say "not a word from you yet!" and lament that you didn't send me a letter by the pilot. I hope you had a comfortable trip.

There is soon to be, it seems, a war with Mexico. Probably it will be declared tonight. Mr. Ihlseng—you remember his wife, who is very active in the Dickens Fellowship—is in Mexico, and Mrs. Ihlseng is very much worried about him. The war will be over in a month or so, but there will be fighting with the bandits in the hills for years, just as there is still in the Philippine Islands.

You have bought, I suppose, the May *Smart Set* with my poem "Delicatessen." I will send you the May *Smart Styles*, which contains my essay on alarm-clocks—it is called "The Wiban Chanticleer."

Eat English mustard on roast beef, and lemon juice on chops. Drink a mixture of white crème de menthe and brandy before meals, since English cocktails are bad.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

April 30, 1914

Dear Brat—Finally I got a letter from you; this morning, in fact. I'm sorry you had a dull voyage, but I know you'll make up for it rapidly. I hope you enjoy the Dickens Pageant, or whatever it is that you are attending as representative of the Dickens Fellowship of New York.

I will send you a copy of *Smart Styles* containing my essay on alarm-clocks. I suppose you have read the *Smart Set* with my poem "Delicatessen."

In London there is a paper called *The Standard.* In a recent issue it contained an article about my translation of the new-found stanzas of "The Rubaiyat," which appeared in the copy of the *Times* that I gave you when you sailed. But the author of the article called me Miss Joyce Kilmer, and spoke of the Evening *Times.*

The Dickens Fellowship gives an entertainment at the Waldorf Saturday. Tom Ferris, an English actor, is to do Dickens impersonations. Next year we'll give a play every month, and you will be Mrs. Nickleby and anything else you like!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

JOYCE KILMER AND HIS MOTHER ON RETURN TRIP FROM ENGLAND, 1914

May 27, 1914

DEAR BRAT—I got a very nice letter from you today. I am glad you are enjoying the Dickens Fellowship business. The picture illustrating my poem "Trees" is not the drawing which appeared in a magazine called *Scouting*, which reprinted the poem, but a photograph mounted on a grey cardboard panel, with the poem lettered underneath.

I have written a one-act play called "Some Mischief Still." It is a satire on Feminism, and will appear in the *Smart Set*. It may be produced in vaudeville, if I have good luck.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is now in New York for a brief stay. I expect to interview him soon.

Did Montagu come to see you yet? I gave him your address, and he said he wanted to call on you.

Don't eat vegetable marrow; it's a foolish vegetable. Eat English mustard on roast beef. In hot weather, take a tall glass, put in two fingers of Gordon gin, one finger of lime juice, plenty of cracked ice and fill with lemon-soda. Let it get very cold and you will find it an excellent drink. And don't put sugar and water in your claret, unless it's very bad. White mint and brandy shaken up together with cracked ice make a good substitute for a cocktail.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

May 30, 1914

Dear Brat—I don't owe you a letter, but nevertheless I write. I have received several copies of London newspapers from you, which were very interesting. Much obliged.

We are making quite a garden out at Mahwah, or rather, Aline is. I am too busy to be able to do much about it.

What was the name of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's boat we sailed on once? Of course, you have read of the Canadian Pacific boat that sank in the St. Lawrence.

Conan Doyle is over here now. I did not interview him for the *Times*, because I was busy interviewing Justin Huntley McCarthy (who wrote "If I Were King") and a Hungarian named Dr. Farkashozy.

Kenton enjoys his map of England tremendously, and can put it together as well as I can, or better. He is planning an early visit to the Circus.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

June 6, 1914

Dear Brat—I hope you enjoyed the Dickens Convention. We will probably have a show next year, something like the trial of, whatever his name was, for the murder of Edwin Drood, that they had in London and in Philadelphia last year, only we'll have Dickens himself as defendant, try him for being a back-number or a sentimentalist or something of the sort. What do you think of the idea? By the way, if you can get a full account of the trial that the London Dickens Fellowship had, I'll be much obliged.

My version of the new quatrains of Omar Khayyam, which was in the copy of the *Times* I gave you when you sailed, is being used in some way in connection with the play "Omar the Tentmaker," now running in San Francisco. If it comes back to New York in the autumn, we'll go to see it—perhaps we'll have a box given us.

I suppose by now you have received Aline's letter saying how much she liked her excellent sash. It is certainly a beautiful thing. I am smoking my pipe and find it very good indeed. Also young Kenton enjoys his map.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

June 11, 1914

Dear Brat—This morning I received the book "Dickens Land" and two copies of the Rochester Dickens Fellowship magazine. Thank you. I am glad to see that you sang, especially that you sang "The Yellow Gown," which is, I think, your best song. But they are all good.

Rose is in good health, having recovered from a slight poison-ivy.

What do you think you'll get for a birthday present?

I enclose a sonnet that I have not yet sold. Houvenkopf is a mountain. Yours affectionately, Joyce.

June 23, 1914

Dear Brat—I suppose you are enjoying Yorkshire now. Thank you for the Yorkshire papers recently received.

We were, of course, much exercised about the robbery, and glad that you recovered your property. Your story of the affair was most graphic and entertaining; I enjoyed it tremendously, but I confess that I am somewhat bewildered. This, at least, is clear—a villainous Spanish girl had designs on a virtuous chief of police, and you rescued him by sitting up in bed and singing "Terre d'Amour," in a red kimono and boudoir cap. Then Scotland Yard was notified and Dr. Watson came with Sherlock Holmes and said that they would take care of your trunk. So you all went off to a Sunday-school treat, singing "The Yellow Gown."

Has Montagu been to see you yet? I don't know what his address is.

I will send you a copy of the July *Current Opinion*. I succeeded Leonard Abbot as editor of the Letters and Art Department, you know.

Don't forget that you are to suggest a title for my new book! It will appear early in September.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

July 1, 1914

DEAR BRAT—I hope you are enjoying Yorkshire. Your friends, the Suffragettes, seem to be spending a busy summer. It wouldn't surprise me for the American Suffragettes to adopt militant tactics soon.

Your account of the Liberal meeting was most amusing. Who told you you could heckle public speakers? The to' acco has not yet arrived, but I suppose it will be here by the time you get this letter. Thanks very much.

Rose seems to be gaining strength and is in excellent health. She has quite recovered from attack of poison-ivy. She seems to be steadily gaining strength in her arms and can now lift one hand to her mouth and feed herself, when she is lying down.

In Sunday's *Times* I have an article about a newly found poem of "Sappho," the discovery of which you may have seen noted in the London papers. I have made a translation of it into English "Sapphies," that is, into the same form of English verse. I will send you a copy, though I suppose my father keeps you supplied with American newspapers.

When do you go to Yorkshire? I suppose my letters will be forwarded if they arrive at The Norfolk after you leave.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

July 10, 1914

Dear Brat—Thanks for the excellent tobacco. It is very good indeed. I smoke it in that briar pipe you sent me; one of the best pipes you have given me. Kenton insists on swiping the "Dam family" pipe to blow soap-bubbles through.

I edited a symposium which appeared in last Sunday's *Times*, on "What Is the Best Poem in the English Language?" Twenty-five prominent English and American poets took part.

The publishers called the book "Trees and Other Poems." I think that the titles you suggested are much better, particularly "The Fourth Shepherd and Other Poems." But possibly that would make the book seem too devotional. "Trees" is my best-known poem, I believe. The book is dedicated to you, and so also is one of the poems, "Folly." I put "To A. K. K." as "Folly's" dedication, because I didn't want to repeat the dedication of the book.

I've got to go down to the publishers—be a good brat and take rum on grape fruit.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

———— 1914

Dear Brat—That is an excellent music box you sent Rose. She enjoys it very much and so do we. I remember that I had one like it, only round.

I am glad you are enjoying the Rochester Convention. The Dickens Fellowship meets tonight, and I will read a part of the report you sent me. I am glad to have the copy of the "Valentine" song. I have not had a chance to have it played yet, but I remember the excellent tune, and I want to hear you sing it.

I wrote a one-act play Sunday. It may appear in the *Smart Set*. I sent it to them first.

Enjoy yourself, and drink Barley Wine every day.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1914

DEAR BRAT—I think that that pipe you sent me is the best one you ever bought for me. It's not the most elaborate, of course, but it's an excellent pipe, good briar with a good bit, and it takes up very little room in my pocket. Thanks, very much!

I am glad you are enjoying London. Your account of the meetings of the Dickens Fellowship was most entertaining. You will probably have a very good time at Rochester.

I will get the elevator starter's (not porter's) last name and send it to you soon.

This afternoon I am going to Greystone, Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer's residence on the Hudson, in a special car with other members of the Poetry Society. Some of us are to read aloud on the lawn; it's a sort of a May festival. I will read "Trees" and perhaps "Old Poets."

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1914

Dear Brat—You will receive a very nice birthday present indeed, if you are a good infant. Your birthday poem may not reach you on your birthday, because it's to be an extra special birthday poem, to be used as the dedication to "Trees and Other Poems." But you'll get it soon.

Did you see my poem "Waverly" in the London *Spectator*? I got a sovereign for it. It was reprinted in the London *Public Opinion*, which reprinted in the same issue my poem "The Bartender," from the *Smart Set*. This year is the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Waverly," the first of the series which was called the Waverly novels.

I suppose you have seen my play, "Some Mischief Still," in the *Smart Set* by now. I hope you found it amusing. It may be brought out in book form by Vaughan and Gomme this autumn.

Your account of the lunatic in the train is most entertaining. I enjoyed it tremendously.

Be a good infant, and you'll get a good birthday present. And we'll have fun next winter.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

PHOTOGRAPH OF HAND-LETTERED COPY OF THE FAMOUS POEM "TREES," SENT TO JOYCE BY AN ADMIRER, AND PRESENTED TO HIS MOTHER

1914

Dear Brat—I had a queer experience recently. I received a big square of grey cardboard on which some one had carefully lettered my poem "Trees" and pasted above it a beautiful photograph of a tree. I found out later that it had been done by a man out in St. Louis, Missouri, whom I do not know, and William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror* saw it and got him to send it to me. You can have it if you wish; it makes rather a nice decoration. I'll keep it till you get back, though; you won't want to carry it all over England.

Has Montagu been to see you yet?

I may give two lectures a week on English poetry at the Comstock School next year. I am going to see about it today. Are you going to Stratford-on-Avon? There is some special celebration there this year—or perhaps they had it last month. Enjoy yourself, and drink musty ale.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

April 29, 1915

Dear Brat—Here is a letter which I received after you sailed. I will have my Underwood & Underwood pictures developed and send one over to you. The pictures of you certainly are delightful.

I hope you get acquainted with George Arliss, if that was he whom we saw just before the boat sailed. He is a very great actor.

This is not a regular letter; it's just to carry the letter I am forwarding. I'll write you a regular letter soon. Be a good brat and enjoy yourself.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1915

DEAR BRAT—Here is a picture taken Easter day. I don't think you have seen it before. It does not look particularly Eastery.

I enjoyed your two graphic letters very much. This certainly is an exciting time to be in England. Your letter about the soldier and his little boy was particularly interesting.

I told you, I think, about my visit to Hunter College, where I read several poems and saw Miss Cone, Miss Widemer and Miss Klauser. They all spoke affectionately of you—they had asked me to have you take dinner with them—and marvelled at your courage in sailing. Miss Cone said, when I said you had been asked if you were going to be a trained nurse, "The Uniform would be becoming to her!"

I read some poems at the First Congregational Church in Flushing one evening last week.

I hope you liked my "White Ships and the Red." I have received many letters about it. I received two today, although the poem was printed nine days ago. It was widely quoted.

I am much obliged for the numerous papers. The accounts of the anti-German riots were interesting. Did you see any of it?

I am sending a copy of a sonnet I wrote in memory of Lieutenant Rupert Brooke. He was a fine poet, who enlisted early in the war and died of sunstroke in the Dardanelles. I think he was the most gifted of all the younger English poets. The sonnet will probably appear in the New York *Nation* and I am also sending a copy to the London *New Witness*.

Be a good infant and enjoy yourself. Kenton, Rose, Deborah and Aline send love.

Affectionately yours, JOYCE.

1915

DEAR BRAT—Miss Widemer recently sent me the pictures which I enclose. She asked for your address, and said she'd send you a copy. She sent me also an absolutely delightful snapshot of you, which I am keeping, since she will send you another. I have given her your address.

I am enjoying *Punch* tremendously. All the other publications for which I asked you are coming regularly except *The New Witness*.

I enclose a circular announcing my lectures, although I have a vague recollection of having sent you one before. I expect to go out West lecturing in the late autumn and winter.

It looks now as if we'd get into war with Germany, but of course there is no way of knowing what will happen. At any rate, the war has awakened the United States to a sense of the necessity of adequate armaments. It is probable that we will have henceforth a large standing army and perhaps also a system of compulsory national service. It certainly would be a good thing.

The first Thursday after your return I will take you to Farrish's Chop House for luncheon, unless you want some place peculiarly American for a change. Farrish's is the only place in New York that I have found where they keep Burton ale—an admirable beverage which I hope you enjoy daily.

Be a good infant, and scare off Zeppelins with your umbrella.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1915

Dear Brat—I got the admirable pipe this morning. Thank you very much; it's just the sort of pipe I like. It has a persh stem, which is the proper sort of stem, and the bowl is made out of an excellent piece of briar.

Last week I went up to D'youville College, in Buffalo, to deliver a graduation address. D'youville is a very fine college for young ladies, conducted by the Grey Nuns. I am going there again to lecture on Lionel Johnson.

Naturally, the reports of bombs being dropped on England are disconcerting, especially since the papers do not give the names of the places struck. You certainly have selected a lively place for a holiday.

I am enclosing with this a few circulars of my book. I'll send more if you want them. I send also a copy of a poem which has not yet appeared in print.

Kenton is grateful for his postcards, and sends his love, as do the rest of the menagerie. As Kenton is learning to read print, he would appreciate receiving a postcard on which you had inscribed, in large letters, some brief and appropriate message which he could decipher for himself, such as, for example, THE BABY BITES THE CAT.

Be a good child and don't let England go prohibition.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1915

DEAR BRAT—I don't think you can be getting all my letters. I notice you have not said anything about a little snap-shot of myself I sent you some weeks ago. Perhaps the censor got it. I'll send you one of the large pictures made by Underwood & Underwood some time this week. Also I will send you a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, containing an essay of mine called "Daily Travelling."

I am glad you liked the poem on Rupert Brooke. Did you receive one called "The Circus"?

I am glad to receive the papers you send me from time to time. You must take in all the shows and generally have as good a time as you can, because it does not do to be idle in a country situated as England is today; the atmosphere will distress you unless you amuse yourself.

Don't bother about the Dickens Fellowship. The New York Chapter will be tempted to secede unless it receives some recognition. It paid its dues to London for a long time, but got no benefit therefrom. Next year I'll have New York Chapter nominate you for vice-president of the main body.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1915

DEAR BRAT—You certainly should have received the Truth prize for the best *Lusitania* acrostic. Your poem was admirable; certainly the best of those printed. I showed it to my friend, Albert Crockett, who agreed with me that it was very good indeed.

I am enjoying the magazines and newspapers which you send me. Much obliged. The pipe is excellent, as I have already told you.

I am surprised that you failed to receive the little snapshot which I sent you. I enclose in this envelope a clipping from the *Book News Monthly*, in which the picture is reproduced. I will send you this week one of the Underwood & Underwood photographs.

We had not heard of the Zeppelin attack on Hull. Take care of yourself, adventurous infant, and stay inland. Buxton should be safe, I suppose. Fortunately, the Zeppelin attacks on England seem to be mainly spectacular.

What do you suppose you are going to get for your birthday present?

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

ACROSTIC ON THE *LUSITANIA*
(Referred to in Joyce's letter)

Let us remember to our latest day,
Under whose flag the devilish deed was done!
So let our children's children scorn the Hun!

In Hell's vast concourse every fiend was gay,
To know the thousands hurled beneath the wave,
At sunrise living—night an ocean grave.

Never shall Germany forgiven be!
In every heart where love and pity flame,
A murderer and the Kaiser are the same.

1915

DEAR BRAT—This evening's papers say that numerous Americans in London have been warned to leave the city. Were you warned? I don't suppose you'd leave, however, until you were good and ready to, if the Kaiser himself blew up Horrex's hotel. However, I imagine you'll find Coxwold more comfortable.

I can't remember whether or not I sent you a copy of my poem "Under Canvas." I enclose a copy anyway. I've sold it to *Lippincott's Magazine.*

I have enjoyed the papers very much, especially those with the accounts of the anti-German riots. I also was very glad to see the picture of Horrex's. We certainly had a good time in London last summer.

Rose is gaining in strength, under Miss Berg's ministrations. Deborah already can crawl around the bed, which is considered advanced for her age.

Try Gruyere cheese on soft toasted biscuit, with bottled port. An excellent combination, especially since you are where those commodities grow.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1915

Dear Brat—This evening I was looking through an anthology, and I came across "A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep." And who should be its author but your old friend Epes Sargent! Furthermore I find that he was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, September 27, 1812, and died at Boston, December 31, 1880. Requiescat!

The destruction of the *Lusitania* has, of course, caused great excitement, and an anti-German feeling almost universal. There are now no neutrals and no pro-Germans, only Americans and Germans. President Wilson's message, delivered today, is firmer than was expected, and Germany will either comply with the American demands, paying an indemnity, apologising and promising to change her tactics of naval warfare, or find the United States in the field against her. And this will be a formidable matter, small as are our army and navy; we can send England much more ammunition than we are at present sending and also take possession of the German merchant vessels now in New York harbor. I enclose a poem from next Sunday's *Times*, which shows my attitude in the *Lusitania* affair. The torpedoing of an unarmed ship, carrying neutrals, certainly cannot be justified; it was an error as well as a crime.

You remember, I suppose, that I told you I was going to go in for fiction. I have started in. I took a story called "Try a Tin Today!" to a literary agent this morning.

It must be exciting to be in England, but the United States is exciting enough itself, nowadays. Feeling is as high as it was during the days preceding the Spanish-American War. I think that the effect of America's entrance into the hostilities will be to hasten the coming of peace.

I hope you find the Fauconberg Arms comfortable. Drink plenty of Bass—good Heavens, think of Bass at sixpence—when I pay .30 for a drink, Bass only in name!

You'll be having a birthday soon, now, won't you? Be a good infant and see what a present you'll get!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1915

DEAR BRAT—I'm afraid you didn't like your birthday poem! Your postcard about it seemed to show that you didn't like it. It's a good poem, however, and I'll give you another one when you come back, when you get your regular birthday present.

I hope the letters I posted to you at Coxwold have been forwarded to you at Buxton. Remember me to Mr. Smilter.

I am going lecturing in October—I sent you my lecture circular, I think. I've already had offers from Cincinnati, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, Sharon (Pennsylvania) and Prairie du Chien (Wisconsin) and Buffalo.

I enclose a poem which I hope to sell to the magazine that printed "The House With Nobody In It." My sonnet on Rupert Brooke, which I sent you, will be in the New York *Bookman* for September. I'll send you a copy. I sent you a *Harper's Weekly* with my essay on "Sign-boards" recently.

I suppose Buxton is pleasantly busy after the quiet of Coxwold. But don't drink those flat sulphurous waters—drink ale! And when you get back, I'll take you to Farrish's Chop House and we'll have some Burton ale.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1915

DEAR BRAT—I'm sorry you didn't like your poem; as a matter of fact, it's a good poem. But I'll give you another when you get back, when I give you your birthday present.

My father was out yesterday to Mahwah. He sails next Saturday. He seems well.

Aline's spoons must have gone down on the *Arabic*. She will value her ivory cross highly. I am glad you got it.

You remember the *Book News Monthly*, which printed Mrs. Byer's interview with me? I have a job reviewing poetry for it. I am to write four articles a year about all the new books of verse.

I hope to publish a book of essays soon. I find I have twenty-five on hand.

I am looking forward to your return and will, of course, meet the boat. I don't think there is much chance of a war before your return. But we must go to war sooner or later.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

———————— 1915

DEAR BRAT—I don't know that this letter will reach England before you sail, but it may be forwarded to the boat. As I've already told you, you are to receive a new birthday poem when you return, as well as your birthday present.

That letter of yours about the hypothetical wounded man carrying his own head was a highly entertaining bit of description. You certainly can write letters!

As to my lectures, most of them will be out West. But I may have some in Montclair and Jersey City, and these I'll certainly give you an opportunity to attend.

You are an impudent infant, with your comments on my interview with Dr. Vizetelly!

I'll be very glad to have you back in a respectable country. The first Thursday after your return, we'll have luncheon at the Garret restaurant, where they have that excellent view over the harbor. And "Treasure Island" is to be played this year—we'll have to go to see it!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1916

DEAR BRAT—Glad you find Grimsby amusing. Canada's a nice place, but ridiculous confusion in money—American, English, Canadian—absurd. I repeat—hoping thereby to hurt the censor's feelings—absurd!

Hope you found the Hotel Statler in Buffalo comfortable. I think the Statler hotels are the best in the country—better value for the money than any New York hotels.

In a week or so I'm going out to Winona, Minnesota, to give a commencement address. And by the way, I have to wear a cap and gown—do you know where those garments are? I have an idea that they are in New Brunswick, but I don't remember seeing them there.

It's possible I'll be up towards Grimsby in July or August, if you're a good infant. I suppose my father keeps you supplied with newspapers and magazines, doesn't he? Let me know the names of any you wish sent.

We had the last Dickens Fellowship meeting of the season last night. Ellis Parker Butler read. It was pouring, so there wasn't much of a crowd.

Well, I'll write you again soon. By the way—this is very important—by all means drink Cosgrove's ale! It's made in Canada. You can't get it in the United States, and it's admirable—much better than the Bass you get over here. Be a good infant and drink large quantities of it.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1916

DEAR BRAT—I'm rather glad you're going to the Berkshires. I thought you might find Grimsby dull. It's pleasant to have been in Canada, however. What part of the Berkshires do you intend to go to? You might find it more amusing at Cape Cod. There are some nice places to stay at there.

It's a fact about its being bad for the eyes for anyone to shave his upper lip. You see, a man in shaving his upper lip focusses his eyes upon it, thus crossing them. And this inevitably has a weakening effect. And that's why artillery officers and I have moustaches.

I'm going back to New York at the end of this week. I have a lecture at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, on Friday or Saturday.

I am glad to learn you are going to drink Cosgrove's ale. It is an admirable beverage.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1916

DEAR BRAT—Much obliged for letters and papers. My father found the academic cap and Aline believes the gown is in a box in our cellar. If I don't find it I can borrow one.

I'm going West the end of next week, giving an address at a college in Winona, Minnesota, a week from Monday, that is, the fifth of June. On the 10th of June I lecture at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. The intervening days I expect to spend at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, visiting some friends. That is the address you'd better put on any letters you send me the latter part of next week or the early part of the week following.

I am glad you find Grimsby comfortable, and earnestly urge that you drink Cosgrove's ale. On this side of the border it is impossible to obtain it. It is made in Toronto.

"Main Street" will be in *House and Garden* soon. I'll send you a copy.

I'm not going to Montreal this June, but I'll be at Cliff Haven, which is on Lake Champlain, in the northern part of New York State, in July, and I may run up to Grimsby then. I don't think it's a very long trip.

You ought to do some more writing while you are at Grimsby. I think you could have sold that "Cooking Dinner" story if you'd expanded it and sent it out to magazines a few more times. Sometimes a story goes to fifteen or twenty magazines before it is taken. I recently sold *The Argosy* a story called "Try a Tin Today!" that had been rejected by about a dozen magazines.

Edward Marshall has just returned from his exciting adventures abroad. He was on the *Sussex* when it was torpedoed, and the shock made him deaf. But he will probably recover his hearing.

Be a good infant and don't forget to drink Cosgrove's ale. I have about four books being published presently—essays, poems, and anthology, book of interviews, and a book of Belloc's poems for which I wrote a preface.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1916

DEAR BRAT—That was a very entertaining tragic letter you sent me today, or rather, that I received today. I guess you'll find Grimsby all right after you get used to it.

I read before the Federation of Women's Clubs yesterday, and Dr. Mary Walker was present. Have you ever heard of her? She wears a frock coat and trousers, being permitted to wear men's clothing by a special Act of Congress. She was a nurse in the Civil War.

I am growing a moustache to save my eyes. You know, shaving the upper lip is said to weaken one's vision—that is why all artillery officers are obliged to wear moustaches. If you don't believe me, ask an officer.

The mortar-board was in New Brunswick, and I found the gown down cellar out here. I leave for the West Saturday morning, and from the 5th to the 10th of June my address will be as I told you—Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

In this envelope you will find a picture taken when I was in Cleveland some weeks ago. The dog is very good-looking, but he was unfortunate in not knowing how to pose for a photograph.

I am sending you by this mail a copy of *The Bellman*, containing a poem of mine called "The Proud Poet." I don't know whether or not you'll like it—it's a colloquial sort of a thing.

You have not yet replied to my inquiry as to Cosgrove's ale! Kindly give this matter your immediate attention!

Be a good infant and you may get a birthday present.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Good Samaritan Hospital, Suffern, N. Y., 1916

DEAR BRAT—Thanks for excellent tobacco and pipe. My ribs are healing up rapidly, so the doctor says I'll be out of the hospital this week. I think the rest has done me good; this is a delightful place to stay, and commuting is hard in hot weather. I may take another week off after I leave the hospital.

My accident may make your birthday poem arrive a few days late, but you'll get it all right. Be a good infant, and you'll get nice birthday presents after you get back.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Don't think of coming out here! I'll be out and probably back at Cliff Haven before you could get here.

1916

DEAR BRAT—Enclosed you will find your birthday poem. I hope you like it; if you don't, tell me, and I'll write you another one.

I am out of the hospital now, and expect to go to my work in New York within a week. I am not going to Cliff Haven until later, so as to take in a celebration they have there, and also the wedding of some people we know.

The Ramapos, mentioned in the last line of this poem, are, you know, the hills around Mahwah.

I am glad you find Adams pleasant. You must take a motor ride to some of the deserted villages out toward Arlington, Vermont.

Be a good infant and drink cider. Musty ale is not a good drink; I got it mixed up with Burton ale, which is excellent.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Mahwah, N. J., 1916

Dear Brat—It certainly is time I got a letter from you. I've had several postcards which seemed to indicate more or less violently, your departure from Canada. It must be nice to see Mt. Graylock, a most excellent mountain, as I remember it. You should take a motor trip up through the Notch to the Bellows Pipe, if possible, and also look up Dave Eddy, the original "Dave Lilly." I think you will find it very pleasant in the Berkshires, and hope Arthur's wife is as good a cook as his mother was. Is Arlington, Vermont, near where you are? I know some very nice people there, who sent us some excellent maple sugar and syrup recently.

I am going to Cliff Haven to lecture for the week beginning July 17, and after that I may go to the training camp at Plattsburg for a month. I think it will do me a lot of good to go to Plattsburg, and it will also be enjoyable.

I am now in my office, and find your address on a postcard, so this letter will reach you all right. But it certainly is time I got a letter from you!

According to this morning's paper, we are at war with Mexico, so the Plattsburg camp may be off. Might go to Mexico, instead, with young Michael.

Be a good infant and you'll get a good birthday poem.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1916

DEAR BRAT—Hope you don't mind being written to in pencil. It's impossible to go upstairs and get ink without disturbing thousands of young children. I am sending you herewith pictures of some of these young children. I will later have some pictures taken of Rose giving a tea—she sits out at a little table in a tent I recently bought and serves imaginary tea in the excellent tea-set you sent her. The tea-set, being of tin, can be left out all night, and even given to Deborah to play with, without danger of the destruction of it.

I am going to Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, on July 17th, to lecture at the Summer School. By the way, the men standing beside me in the picture I sent you are priests—neither of them is a layman. We are on our way to the Mississippi to go for a ride in the motor-boat. It certainly is nice out in Prairie du Chien. I really think you'd like the Middle West better than the East, and I know you'd like Chicago better than any other great city, except London. It is not in the least like New York, and its hotels are absolutely heavenly. I am a good judge of hotels, as you, having been to the Statler, are aware.

I am glad you are enjoying Adams. It must be fine to see Mt. Graylock again. Remember me to Arthur. We enjoyed much your entertaining description of the humours associated with the local tragedy.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Aug. 24, 1916

DEAR BRAT—Thanks very much for excellent pajamas, or, in the British manner, pyjamas. I needed them. Much obliged. Kenton likes his suits, and will himself write to thank you. He is teaching Rose her catechism. A few mornings ago he was dressing, and Rose was sitting on the bed. It was about half past seven. Kenton asked the first question in the catechism, which is, "Who made you?" Rose answered the question correctly, but without enthusiasm. Then Kenton asked the second question, "What is Man?" Whereupon Rose threw herself forward until her head rested on her knees, and said weakly: "O, Kenton, I'm dying! Don't ask me any more!" So Kenton stopped teaching her the catechism until after breakfast.

I took up so much time with my week at Cliff Haven lecturing, and my month at the hospital and at home, that I won't be able to stay away from my office any more this summer. Otherwise I'd try to get up to Adams.

I will send you a copy of *Punch* containing my essay "The Booklover," which you will read with more equanimity than that with which you regarded "The Bally Pub." Your old friend, Louis Wetmore, came out here while I was laid up, and bitterly reproved me for writing disrespectfully of musty ale, a beverage which he says I drank with enthusiasm when we were in London.

Say, today, I suddenly saw your birthday present in a shop on Fifth Avenue! It is a very large present, and very nice—the nicest you've had! You'll receive it as soon as you get back.

Be a good infant, and drink Hinchcliffe's ale, and Evans' pale ale, but not Evans' Indian ale.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1916

DEAR BRAT—Glad you are enjoying Adams. Did you get the copy of *Punch* I sent you, containing "The Booklover"? When are you coming home? A very good place to eat is the Park Avenue Hotel, which has a very large fountain in its dining room.

By the way, I forgot to tell you that when I was laid up with broken ribs, the things that I read most frequently, and with the greatest enjoyment, were the bound volumes of *Punch*, and the volumes of Leech's drawings. You brought them to me from England a few years ago, and I think they're the best present I ever received. Their humour wears admirably.

I find myself about to vote for a Republican candidate for president. I expected to vote for Roosevelt, but in default of him I'll vote for Hughes. The Mexican situation alone is sufficient to make me vote against Wilson.

I am glad you are keeping up your croquet. Why don't you have a croquet field made at New Brunswick? There is plenty of room in the side yard.

I'll be glad to see you, and you'll get a very nice birthday present. Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

———— 1917

DEAR BRAT—Of course I'd be glad to see you in N. Y. You could stop at the Savoy. But the only free time I have is 12 to 2, and I generally have errands then, so it wouldn't be worth while coming. We leave for the South August 5. Thanks for the toilet case just received. Eagerly await hussif. Soon fed by U. S. A. I hear it's very nice in Spartanburg, S.C. Good swimming there. You'll get birthday poem soon, perhaps. If you don't like it, return it and get another. All goods returnable. I hope you don't call soldiers Sammies. Disgusting nickname. Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

En Route Chicago, June 12, 1917

DEAR BRAT—Got a very nice letter from you this morning. Glad you like Fr. O'Connor. Also glad you'll be back on the 18th of June. We'll go to Healy's Golden Glades, a very amusing place.

I am making a flying trip to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, to give the Baccalaureate address at Campion College. I expect to get back to Larchmont on Sunday morning. It's a big trip just to give one address, but I made the engagement last February and didn't want to break it. Also I greatly enjoy visiting Campion—it is a beautiful place, and the people there are very nice. This will be my fourth visit to the college.

The children are all well and Michael is very elastic—when you punch his stomach your fist bounds back as from a punching bag. It is excellent exercise. I am going to teach it to Deborah; I think it will be helpful in developing her upper arms.

I have not yet heard about my anthology, but I think George H. Doran will publish it. He has accepted "Main Street and Other Poems"—how do you like the title?

When our lease expires in October I think we'll take another house in Larchmont—near where we are now, but closer to the Sound.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Joyce Kilmer, B.A. (Columbia, '08)

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, Taken February 8, 1917

1917

DEAR BRAT—I got your very amusing letter on my return from the West, where I had a fine time. My Baccalaureate address delivered at Campion is to be printed as a pamphlet. I'll send you some copies. I may have copies of it next week when you are in town. Also I may have my poetry prize medal then. I don't expect to go to camp until about July 15th, but after July 1st, I may be on duty in New York at the Armory.

I am going to write an article that will amuse you—about Alfred Watts, the imaginary poet Margaret Widemer and I created.

Isn't it exciting about Dr. Condon and New Brunswick? Do you remember him? I remember seeing him ride past the house.

We'll have a lot of fun next week.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

July 10, 1917

DEAR BRAT—If you desire I will send you a number of circulars like the one enclosed.

The Seventh stays at the Armory after next Sunday, and then in about ten days goes to a training camp, probably in South Carolina. I'll send you the address as soon as I know it accurately. I find I'll have to get a lot of stuff to take to camp with me—I only learned what I would need last night. Will you please give me an order on Rogers Peet, 34th Street store, or telegraph it (not signing the telegram "Gerber") to get some truck—chiefly hussifs and towels and similar things?

Received a very amusing letter from you recently. Glad to know my judgment as to the appropriate wrist for watches was correct. The one you got me is excellent and keeps good time. Much obliged! Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1917

Dear Brat—I think I'll get my father to send you some stamped and addressed envelopes to use in writing me! The enclosed envelope was posted in Pittsfield with a one cent stamp, and I had to send another one cent stamp to Pittsfield to get it! If I'd done a thing like that—

I'm going to Prairie du Chien soon for a commencement address, but I have to take the train right back after it because of drill. We were on guard in the Armory all day, expecting a riot call, but none came. We expect to go to training camp July 15th.

Be a good infant and you'll get a nice birthday present.

Aline, Michael, Kenton, Rose and Deborah send love.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1917

Dear Brat—Enclosed letter may amuse you, especially the part about the deserted grandsons. Entertaining thing to do. Aline and I think of shipping Kenton and Michael, not to speak of Christopher, to Cheshire. By the way, Christopher does not mean "cross-bearer," but "Christ-bearer," which is something else again. I gave Mrs. Sillcocks desired information. I hope no other aspiring authors have infantile photographs of me. I go to the Armory to stay Sunday, but I'll have time off frequently to go home and to the office. I don't know when we'll go to training camp; perhaps in August, perhaps in September. I am engaged on an anthology of Catholic poems, to be published September 1st; have to finish it this week. Wrist watch keeps good time and enjoys resting Melvolina.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1917

Dear Brat—Do you know that in addition to being worn on the left wrist, a soldier's wrist-watch should be turned so that the face is parallel to the palm, not the back, of the hand? No hussif yet received! Very soon I'll be in camp, and ready to receive such things as boxes of cigars, cans of tobacco, cans (or, if you prefer, tins) of ginger snaps, and pipes and such things.

I passed my Federal physical examination yesterday, and tomorrow all the Regiment is mustered into Federal service. I drill about four hours a day, and also have guard duty and such things. I didn't get to the office today, but expect to do so tomorrow. There will probably be a letter from you there. When I come back from the war I don't think I'll go back on the *Times;* I think I'll get a department on some magazine and spend more time lecturing.

Be a good infant and you'll get a nice birthday present.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

———— 1917

Dear Brat—Presently you'll get a telegram from me, sent collect, if you don't look out! I've sent you two letters and got only one! Write! But I got a postcard and two telegrams, and also a telegram from my father telling me to write. From your telegram I'm glad to learn you received my letters. Ridiculous. Nevertheless, you'll get a very nice birthday present from me this year. And we'll have a lot of fun when you come back at the end of June. We'll go to Healy's Golden Glades—a very amusing place.

I have written four articles for "Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature"—the articles being on Masefield, Cawein, William Vaughn Moody and Francis Thompson. Louis Wetmore has just come in and sends you his love. He has enlisted in the 7th, too. Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1917

Dear Brat—Thanks for order on Rogers Peet. Got several things there today—safety razor, bag, etc. They didn't have hussifs. If you find any, you might send me one. Address me at *Times* until I give you my new address. I may find out tonight where I'll be stationed. I think we'll be in New York at the Armory for a month yet, but I'm not sure. Have to go on the wagon Sunday, when we are mobilised. Terrible, isn't it? Also, we can't smoke on the streets when we are in uniform, and we are always to be in uniform!

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1917

Dear Brat—I haven't heard from you since you left N. Y., but there may be a letter at the office. I haven't been there recently—I've been too busy at the Armory. For the last twenty-four hours I've been on guard duty—two hours on and four hours off. By the way, I'm supposed, you know, to have become much thinner since I joined the army. Well, I got weighed yesterday and the scales showed 178 pounds—only two pounds less than I weighed last winter! So either I've not lost fat or I've gained muscle.

If, or when, my transfer to the 69th goes through, my address will be Private Joyce Kilmer, Company K, 165th Regiment, Camp Mills, Mineola, Garden City, Long Island, New York. You see, or rather don't, that the 69th is now the 165th. But I'll let you know when, or if, the transfer occurs.

That certainly is a fine pipe you bought me. I'm enjoying it daily. I hope you got your bag. Let me know if you didn't and I'll send you another poem.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

1917

DEAR BRAT—Sorry to be so long in writing to you, but I am spending most of my time since Monday at the Armory, and have had no time to do any writing. I drill about five hours a day, and have guard duty and other things like that to attend to. I guess I must have lost about 10 pounds this week. It's terribly hot, and we still wear our winter uniforms—woolen breeches and woolen shirts. We expect to go to training camp at Spartanburg, South Carolina, about August 5. We are not yet all mustered into Federal service, and expect to have the Federal physical examination tomorrow. Then we'll be mustered in. The Federal physical examination is stricter than the State examination, which I passed when I enlisted, April 23, but I expect to pass this all right, as I must be in better shape than when I enlisted. All this week we've been at the Armory from 9 A. M. to 4:30 P. M., and sometimes later. I was one of the detail from the 7th that went to General Austen's funeral and fired a volley over his grave.

I told you, I think, about the Catholic anthology I'm trying to finish up. I hope to be able to work at it Sundays when I'm in camp.

As to hussifs, they are what you Americans call housewifes', or rather housewives', field sewing kits; in other words, you get them at department stores and Rogers Peet doesn't carry them.

You'll get a birthday present and a poem if you are good.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1917

DEAR BRAT—Enclosed find copies of the two sonnets that won the prizes I mentioned in a recent letter. "The Annunciation" won first prize, and "The Visitation" second, as I told you. I've asked the magazine to give second prize to some one else.

My new book "Main Street and Other Poems" will be published September 1st. I have just signed the contract.

What time in June will you be back? I'll be in New York until the last day of the month, but my Monday and Friday evenings are taken up by drill, so be back on some other evening and we'll go to Healy's "Golden Glades," which is the most magnificent cabaret ever made.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

1917

DEAR BRAT—I have no copy of your birthday poem, but will try to rewrite it from memory, and if I can't, I'll write another one for you, and perhaps you'll like it better. I'll give it to you—the old or the new one—when I see you this week. Constance's wedding is next Thursday at 8:30 at the National Arts Club. I am to lead the bride up the aisle and hand her to Mr. Alden, who will give her away. It will be a military wedding, as the groom has just been commissioned Captain. Constance is not sending out any invitations, only announcements. She is very glad you are coming! We will have a lot of fun. I suppose you'll come on Wednesday and stay until Sunday, won't you?

I'm sorry I had to get back to the Armory so soon the last day you were in New York. We certainly are working hard these days. But it's a very interesting life.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Private Joyce Kilmer, Just After His Transfer to the 165th (69th) Regiment

1917

DEAR BRAT—When I go to training camp still is uncertain. The Seventh Regiment takes part in a farewell parade of New York on Thursday of this week, but it may not leave for a week after that. Then again it may leave next day—but probably not. As you know, I am being transferred to the 69th (now called the 165th). The transfer has not yet gone through, but it may this week. It is certain to go through in the course of time. Then I'll go to training camp at Mineola, N. Y., instead of at Spartanburg, South Carolina. I'll let you know when I myself know.

Your letter was highly entertaining, especially the reported conversation. Amusing critter. Send you another birthday poem soon. Regimental drill this afternoon, so I find it hard to write. Be a good infant and by all means have cinnamon toast for your tea.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Company, 165th U. S. Infantry,
American Expeditionary Forces, November 12, 1917

DEAR BRAT—My fountain pen doesn't work well, so perhaps you won't mind being typewritten to this time. We are arriving today, all in excellent health and spirits. I hope to be able to cable to Timpson to cable to you of my arrival, but do not know whether or not I shall be able to do so.

I'll be glad to receive some envelopes addressed to you, as I may have some difficulty in obtaining plain envelopes. The Y. M. C. A. supplies the soldiers with free stationery, but it is all covered with American flags and things. The last lot of groceries you mentioned did not reach me before my departure, but it has probably been forwarded from the camp and will undoubtedly come in handy over here. It's pretty cold and damp this morning, but I believe it will be pleasanter and healthier than Camp Mills.

Your friend, Father Duffy, would send his love if he knew I were writing to you. He has been doing the work of about twenty chaplains, but seems to thrive on it. Yesterday afternoon he held a service for Protestants, and I typewrote some hymns for distribution—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, my God to Thee," "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and the like. The service was well attended and the daily masses have been crowded.

Aline must have had a hard time with the children having whooping-cough. I hope that they are well over it by now, but I am afraid that they are not, for I remember the ailment as lasting for a month or so.

When you see Mrs. Corbin tell her that I greatly enjoyed the chocolate cake she sent me. It arrived in excellent condition. I'll write to thank her very soon—possibly today. If she wants to know what to send me over here, you might suggest copies of *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines,

and if she wants to send books you might tell her that I have at present a great desire for paper-bound copies of the works of Wilkie Collins. Also, anyone sending Christmas boxes to soldiers should do so at once.

You'll get your Christmas present this year, but it may be a little late. Be a good infant!

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, January 13, 1918

DEAR BRAT—I have not had a letter from you since Christmas Eve, but I believe there is a bunch of mail awaiting me at a nearby station, and I expect it tonight or tomorrow. Yesterday I got a very fine package from you containing six glasses of admirable jelly and a box of chocolate covered nuts. Much obliged! Sweet stuff like that is what I desire above everything else now. That and cigars. Also I received from John Timpson & Co. $100.00 in American Express Cheques, and $9.50 from the 7th Regiment, back pay, and a fountain pen from my Council of the Knights of Columbus. A pretty good haul!

This town is rather like some of the English villages you love so much. I think you would enjoy a trip through France some time, but probably not this winter. However, I am comfortable enough, and can do without an afternoon nap and cream on my shredded wheat.

I enjoy your letters tremendously, and am looking forward to getting a batch of them tomorrow. I wish I could write half as interestingly.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, January 31, 1918

Dear Brat—In the course of a day or so you should receive one of the Aime Dupont pictures I had taken last August or September. They are not particularly good, but they are the only pictures in uniform I have had taken. Aime Dupont sent them to me at Camp Mills, and they were forwarded to me out here.

I received a second box from Finley-Acker, containing excellent jelly and much candy. From my father I have received several boxes of cigars, as well as $200.00. I hope he received my letter of thanks.

Your letters come, not regularly, of course; that is not to be expected these days, but in bunches three or four days apart. Judging by the numbers I am getting them all. It is a great pleasure to hear from you so frequently, and you certainly can write letters worth reading. I wish I could write half as interestingly.

I think you will enjoy a trip through rural France after the war is over. You will find it very much like the parts of England you like best—in architecture, landscape, people.

I was very much interested in hearing that Maurice Kane is coming over as a Y.M.C.A. worker. As you know, I am not exactly a Y.M.C.A. enthusiast, but what they are doing for the troops over here in the way of selling American tobacco and cakes, and furnishing writing and reading rooms is very good, and most, if not all, the men in the work are over the age when they could be good soldiers, or have some physical disqualification; so I don't think any the less of Maurice for going into the work, but it is amusing considering his High Church ideas.

By the way, and "why," you ask, "do you say by the way," read "Monksbride," by John Ayscough. I think it is

published by Dodd, Meade Co. Or, if you don't want to buy it, Aline will loan it to you.

I suppose you have read the new Sherlock Holmes book? Admirable! I enjoyed it as much as I enjoy his earlier stuff.

It is getting to be much pleasanter out here with the coming of spring. I imagine it must be delightful in the summer.

I think that my father's plan for sending you to San Francisco for the spring and summer is excellent. By all means do it.

I have not yet received the additional envelopes you spoke of. The name of my anthology, concerning which you inquire, is "Dreams and Images"—Anthology of Catholic Verse, and the publishers are Boni & Liveright.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Mother of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer. 1917. Taken at Joyce's Request

1918

DEAR BRAT—Got a very delightful letter from you today from Lakewood. I am glad you enjoyed your stay there. The sweater arrived, and it certainly is a magnificent specimen of knitting, and the wristlets are wonderfully purled, whatever purling may be. Probably I shall need both sweater and wristlets for many weeks, for although it is spring now, it often is cold. Much obliged!

Under separate cover I am sending you my warrant as Sergeant. I thought you might like to have it to frame and hang in the Old-fashioned Room. The "draft" in the corner means that the Regiment was drafted into Federal Service; that is, made a part of the United States Army instead of a part of the New York State National Guard.

I suppose you have read in the newspapers of the Regiment's recent activities. Now we are taking it easy in a very pleasant little town. I hope we may stay here at least a month, as it is hard to work when the Regiment is moving about the country. I had a week's respite from office work some time ago, and spent it doing what is called observation work for the Regimental Intelligence Section. It was most interesting.

Did Aline tell you of Kenton's success in school? It seems that he won a gold medal for being the best pupil in the school. I was delighted to learn it. So nearly as I can remember, I was not an especially keen student when I was his age, although I became one later.

There is practically no chance of my rising any higher in the Regiment than Sergeant, and I am perfectly content. To become an officer, I would have to go to school away from the Regiment for several months, then if I failed to pass my examination and win a commission, I would be sent to some other regiment than this, and if I succeeded I would be sent as an officer, not back to the 69th, but to some other outfit. I want very much to stay with the Regiment; I have many

good friends here, and I would feel lost in any other military organization.

I am looking forward to receiving the photographs you have had taken. They must be fine. By this time you probably have received the one I sent you. I hope you like it.

I hope that the meatless, wheatless day hysteria has passed. It was a foolish idea, of no possible value to the country, and potentially harmful.

Your letters are very gratefully received, and I am looking forward eagerly to receiving the cake and candy you mention. Everything else you have written of in your letters has arrived in good condition, and a day or two ago I got five big jars of excellent tobacco from the Dickens Fellowship. A most intelligent gift.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, April 18, 1918

Dear Brat—The sweater arrived a few days ago, and I certainly was glad to get it. It is a fine garment, beautiful to look at and most comfortably warm, and the touch of red is delightfully characteristic. Much obliged!

I have not heard from you, nor from any one in the States for about two weeks, but tomorrow or next day six truck loads of mail will be left at Regimental Headquarters, and there surely will be several letters from you. We get our mail in big lots. For about two weeks we have been receiving packages and no letters. I received the candy, of which I spoke at length in a recent letter, and which I remember with enthusiasm, and a number of newspapers from my father, and some *Saturday Evening Posts* from you. I greatly enjoyed the story you praised, "Call for Mr. Keefe." I interviewed its author, Ring Lardner, when I was last in Chicago. I do not think that the interview appears in my book.

And speaking of my book, let me renew my inquiries about my anthology, "Dreams and Images." Why does not some one send me a copy? I have asked Aline, but in vain. I should think the publishers would be sending me a copy, but I have received none from them. I don't ask you to send me one; when you are minded to send anything, let it be candy —box after box, but much cheap candy rather than a little costly, but I shall be grateful if you will remind Aline to send me a copy. She must have received many of them from the publishers.

I am enjoying this town greatly, and wish I could tell you its name. There is a little river near here, and this afternoon I had a swim. The water was pretty cold, but it was good to get a real wash and to splash around a little. It is getting nice and warm now—a great relief for all of us.

I am glad you enjoyed your stay in Lakewood. I enjoyed the fruits of it in the form of those two magnificent boxes of candy.

I hope you make a trip to California. It will do you a lot of good and be a fine experience to remember.

I am enclosing a letter from John Timpson & Co., which you will please give to my father. It relates to an insurance application which he wanted to make for me. He asked me to cable to him about it. I didn't have any money, so I wrote to John Timpson Co., and had them cable. The allusion in the letter to the prospect of seeing me, is the result of a statement in my letter to the effect that I might go to England on my leave. I expect to have seven days' leave soon, but I am afraid I will not be allowed to leave France.

I am looking forward to receiving your photograph soon, and some letters.

Be a good child, and go to see "The Copperhead" and tell me how you like it.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Joyce Kilmer's Mother Looking at His Picture. Taken While He was in France, and Mentioned in His Letters

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, April 27, 1918

DEAR BRAT—Do not be alarmed at the multiplicity of requests enclosed The reason is that, as you are aware, packages can no longer be mailed or expressed to soldiers serving in France except at their request, approved by their Regimental, or higher, commander. So I have had the enclosed list typed and approved. The system is this: You desire to send me some cigars, let us say. If you merely address a box of cigars to me it will not be taken by the postal authorities, but if you show the receiving clerk in the post office or some other authorised person, the enclosed duly approved request, you will find that he will accept the package for transmittal. That is the use for which the slips are intended. They are not meant to be requests requiring immediate attention.

I have asked to be relieved from my statistical work, and expect to be out of the office by Monday; today is Saturday. I am going into the Intelligence Section, which is much more interesting work than I have been doing. I expect to keep my rank of Sergeant, but I would be willing to do it even if I had to become a Private. My work in the Intelligence Section is that of observer, for which my newspaper work has given me some preparation.

I hear that a load of mail has arrived, so I probably shall receive a letter from you before evening, I am glad to say. Yesterday I got a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* from you, and I certainly was glad to see it.

In one of your recent letters your account of your verbal battle with one of the musical —— amused me very much, not only because "we stay-at-homes" seemed to me to be excellent satire, but also because I have a vivid recollection of being "done" by a musical —— for concert tickets some

fifteen years ago. However, I paid him eventually, and I shouldn't hold a grudge against him. If I held a grudge against every one who has "done" me since that time, I'd have a scruge-like existence indeed. But I can't help enjoying having him so neatly and completely crushed.

It's nice and warm now, a pleasant relief after a severe winter. Some days ago I went in swimming in a river near here; it was very enjoyable, and yesterday I had a shower bath. It's fine to be within reach of such a luxury.

I wonder where you will spend your summer? Probably not in Canada, after your experience there last summer. I think you probably would do well to try the Adirondacks this time. So far as I can remember, you have never been there, and there is a good deal about it you would like.

By the way, the young man you met in Henri's was not an officer, but a non-commissioned officer like myself, only some grades higher, since you say he was a Sergeant-Major, and the number of his regiment indicates that he is a drafted man. Enough of him. However, some of the drafted men are very nice fellows.

I am going to have some postcard photographs taken in a nearby town as soon as I acquire the requisite ten francs, which will be soon, and I will send you several (not francs, but photographs), also you will get your belated valentine soon.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Postcard Sent from France. Inscription on Reverse Side: "You Must Get This Song. It Is Tremendously Popular among the French and American Soldiers. I Hope to Hear You Sing It Before Long"

Postcard Photograph of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, Sent from France

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, May 18, 1918

Dear Brat—Under separate cover I am sending you a couple of postcard photographs which will amuse you. I like them better than the picture in uniform I had taken in the States.

As to your "War Mother" poem, I hesitate to tell you how much I like it, because I'm afraid you will think I am trying to flatter you. It certainly is the best poem you ever wrote—beautiful, original and well sustained. I have seen no recent war verse I like so well. There is no question but what you will sell it to some good magazine. I certainly congratulate you, and congratulate the magazine fortunate enough to print your poem.

I am very glad to hear of the deserved success your songs met at Lakewood, and in general of your triumphs at the Dickens Fellowship and elsewhere. I wish I could have witnessed them, but I will be seeing more of the same sort next winter. That is what we like to hear about over here—triumphs and celebrations, and in general, the pleasant and prosperous course of civilised life. Of course, we soldiers are undergoing hardships and privations. We expect to. But we don't spend our time advertising them. But in the States when they find they must do without quite so much wheat, or meat, or something of the sort, instead of just going without and keeping their mouths shut, they advertise their remarkable abstention by having "wheatless days" and "meatless days" and all that sort of hysterical rubbish, and filling the papers with the news, thereby disgusting us soldiers and undoubtedly comforting the enemy. I think I'll start a strawberry ice-cream sodaless day for the Army; it would be just as sensible as what the people at home have been doing. If you (I don't mean you personally, of course) have to eat hardtack instead

of butter-raised biscuit, why, eat the hardtack and shut up about it, but don't be such an ass as to have a butter-raised biscuitless Monday. And don't shut down on theatrical amusements, and don't deprive people of their honest drink. Merely making stay-at-homes dismal does not help the soldiers a bit. England's early "Business as Usual" scheme was more practical, and this is something of a concession for me to make.

There is quite a sermon on economics for you. Kindly read it to my father, whom it will edify and instruct. A recent letter from him shows that he utterly misunderstands my point of view on this subject, the result of lamentable careless reading by him of one of my letters, in which I contrasted the sanity and common sense of the French through years of tragic poverty, starvation and ruin with the hysterical wail which a little self-denial brought from the States.

I am now having a delightful rest on top of a forest-covered mountain. I had a month of very hard and exciting work, the nature of which you can imagine, and now I have a fortnight's rest in ideal surroundings, and working only six hours out of every twenty-four, and that work is light and interesting.

Be a good infant, and send me your picture soon. No order is needed now.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, May 27, 1918

Dear Brat—Your picture has come and I certainly am glad to have it. I think it is by far the best picture you have had taken. You look about eighteen! That is a delightful costume. But you must send another copy of the picture to Larchmont for framing, since in order to carry this with me it will be necessary to remove it from the mount.

I suppose by this time you have received the humourous photographs of myself I sent you.

I am delighted to know of the Kilburn Hall project. By all means buy the Hall; it will be an excellent investment. Property is now very cheap in England and prices will rise as soon as the war is over. I hope to be able to spend my summers in France after the war, and I have the place in mind—only about a day's run from London. I am absolutely in love with France, its people, its villages, its mountains, everything about it. America would do well to copy its attitude in the war. It has suffered tremendous hardships with dignity and humour, and kept its sanity and faith. America, to judge by the papers, grows hysterical over a little self-denial. Can't do without an extra lump of sugar in its tea without a band and speeches, and a sugarless Sunday. It's funny and rather pathetic to us soldiers, but I honestly think, although it may seem conceited to say so, that when we soldiers get back from the war we'll do the spiritual and intellectual life of the States a lot of good. France has taught us lessons of infinite value.

I am having an absolutely heavenly time since I joined the Intelligence Section. I wouldn't change places with any soldier of any rank in any outfit. This suits me better than any job I ever had in civil life. It certainly was fortunate I left the 7th.

As you know, the order about having written and approved requests for packages has been repealed, so let nothing deter you. The cake is not yet here. I will soak it in wine all right; don't worry about that. Speaking of wine, enclosed find some flowers given me by a very nice wineshop girl in a city near here.

"Madelon" is a perfectly respectable song, but Madelon is not a gun or anything else of the sort; it's the name of a girl who serves wine to the soldiers, as the song clearly states.

Read Eden Philpott's "Old Delaboll," a delightful tale of Cornish life.

Yours affectionately, JOYCE.

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, June 14, 1918

Dear Brat—I am enclosing two poems which I think you will like. "Rouge Bouquet" is to appear in *Scribner's* for July or August. A friend of mine, Emmet Watson, of ours, made a magnificent drawing for it, which I hope will accompany it in the magazine. The "Peace-Maker" I have just this hour completed, and I have not yet decided where to send it; probably to the *London New Witness*.

Tomorrow I expect to send you two other poems: one your long delayed valentine, the other a long more or less topical thing about a hike, which I think you will enjoy setting to music. It introduces at intervals songs that we sing during long marches.

There is a chance that I will be able to go to England on several days' leave in a few weeks. In that case I shall probably spend most of my time in London, with a possible visit to Oxfordshire, where my friend Mrs. Denis Eden lives.

I wish there was something I could do for you to expedite the purchase of Kilburn Hall, but since the Archbishop of York is in the States, you should yourself be able to make a deal with him. English real estate is a wise investment these days. It will go up fifty per cent. in a year's time. I wish I could afford to buy some property in this country. I certainly would like to live here. If the States go dry I honestly think I'll move my family over here; I can write for American papers without living in America. Then, if you move to Kilburn Hall I will be only a day's trip away from you, and you will love rural France almost as much as you love rural England.

I believe no packages can be sent from the States to soldiers in France. They can, however, be sent from England.

Be a good infant and learn to sing "Madelon."

Yours affectionately, Joyce.

(The last letter received from Joyce)

Headquarters Co., 165th Inf.,
A. E. F., France, June 28, 1918

Dear Brat—I received three letters from you yesterday and today, the first I have had for a long time. Your letters always come in bunches like that, and this morning I received two admirable boxes of Mirror candy, in perfect condition. I certainly was delighted to get it, as it is a long time since I have had any candy. My gratitude is so great that I even will refer to it as "Sweets." I was also glad to get your picture taken on shipboard. You must send to Larchmont another copy of the picture of yourself looking at my photograph, you sent me some weeks ago, as I had to remove it from its mount and cut it down to make it fit into my wallet.

All the rest of the fellows in the Intelligence Section (there are nine of us, nearly all college graduates and men of some standing—editors, brokers, etc.) have pictures of their mothers, but none of them so good looking as mine. You would be amused at some of the scenes when your picture is exhibited. Tired from a long hike from a stay in the trenches, I am having an omelet and some fried potatoes and some vin rouge beaucop in a French peasant's little kitchen. It is a cottage such as you and I often visited in Derbyshire and Cambridgeshire—a low grey stone building with rose trees against the wall; a tiny garden and a geometrically neat path. The kitchen floor is of stone; the table is without a cloth, but shining from much polishing. The only thing to distinguish it from the typical English rural cottage is the crucifix on the wall and the wooden shoes at the door. (People wear sabots out-of-doors, cloth slippers in the house, leather shoes on Sunday.) After such a repast as I have described I take out my wallet to pay my bill, and the sharp eyes of little Marie or Pierre in-

Joyce Kilmer's Mother. Taken February, 1918, and Sent to Him in France. Mentioned in His Last Letter

tently watching this strange soldat Americain, spy the picture. At once an inquisitive but delighted infant is on my knee demanding a closer inspection of the picture. Then mama must see it, and grandpere, and veuve vatre from across the street (the man of the house can't see it; he is away from home on the errand that brought me across the sea). Well, they all say "elle est jolie ma foi et jeune aussi." These comments have been made on your picture many times, in many towns, which I will one day show you on a map of France.

I have not much anxiety for my father, for I look on his condition as a state of rest really necessary to a mind so constantly busy, but I am glad that from you I have inherited the power of readily escaping from worry and work and entering with enthusiasm into whatever mirth I find around me—in finding good and true and merry friends everywhere. I think that some of this quality would have helped my father very much and increased his bodily and mental health. I worried grievously about you for a while, and wished that I could have been with you when my father was taken ill, but I don't worry now; you are too spirited and courageous for anybody to worry about. I certainly admire you more than ever, and look forward eagerly to regular banquets at Henri's and Rector's with you.

I want you to meet all the Regimental Intelligence Section —a fine bunch of men and good comrades. We have taken big chances together, and it has made us the best of friends. You will like them and they will like you.

Yours affectionately, Joyce.